

MOTHER TRUTH'S MELODIES



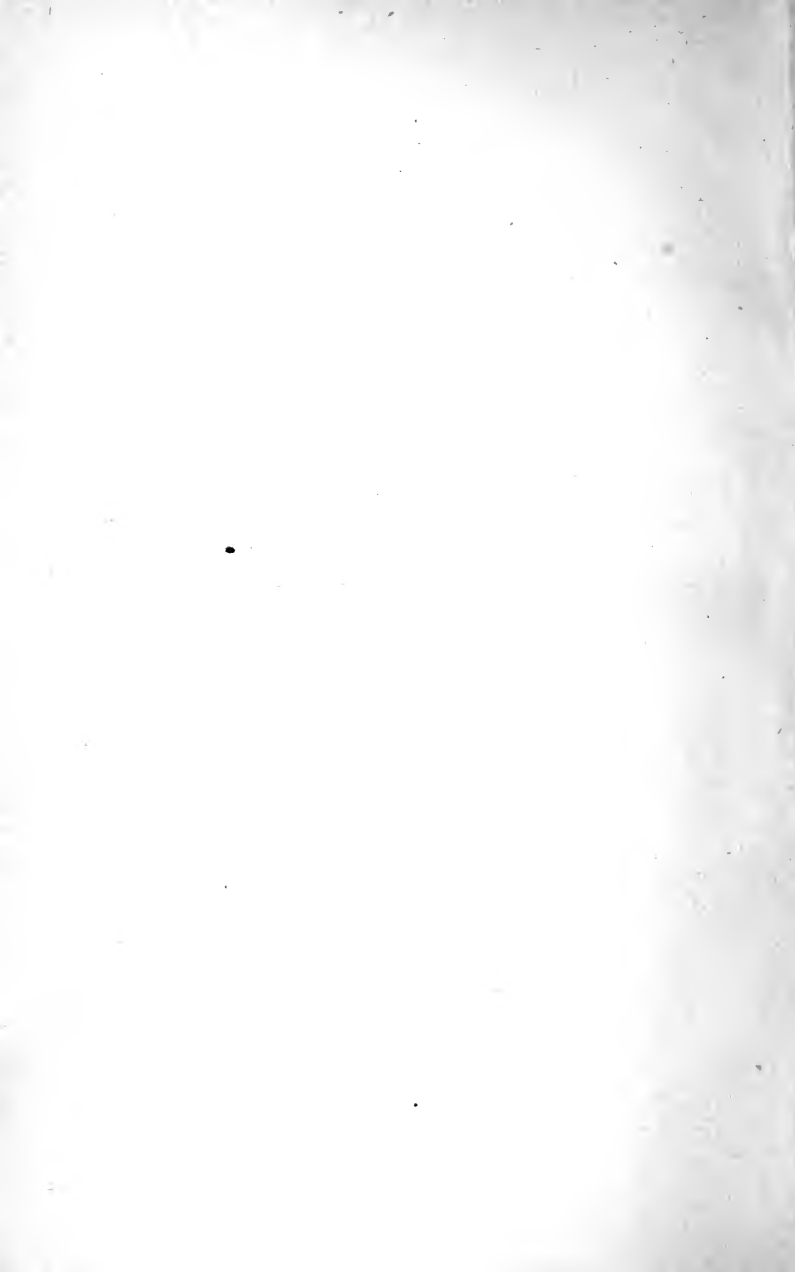
A KINDERGARTEN
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MOTHER TRUTH'S MELODIES.





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MOTHER TRUTH'S MELODIES.

COMMON SENSE FOR CHILDREN.

A KINDERGARTEN.

BY
MRS. E. P. MILLER,
AUTHOR OF

"A FATHER'S ADVICE, A BOOK FOR EVERY BOY," AND
"A MOTHER'S ADVICE, A BOOK FOR EVERY GIRL."

26-6
5511
WITH 300 ILLUSTRATIONS.



NEW YORK:
G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers.

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(1878)

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G. W. CARLETON & CO.
1878.

TROW'S
PRINTING & BOOKBINDING CO.,
205-213 *East 12th St.*,
NEW YORK.



To all who love the Children,
This book, INSCRIBED, I bring,—
Thus reaching forth to draw you
Within my charmèd Ring;
Where seeds and germs we 'll nurture
In babies, children, youth,
Till every plant shall blossom,
And bear the fruits of TRUTH.



INTRODUCTION.

SINCE little ones are *geese* no more,
But *knowing* have become,
It ill beseems that "Mother Goose"
Should dwell in every home.
So "Mother Truth" in "Melodies"
For Babes, here lifts her voice,
Assured that parents, children, all,
Will welcome and rejoice.

N O T E .



ET no one suppose that the Author of these "Melodies" considers them poetry. They are simply rhymes, the jingle of which may be music in the children's ears, and the illustrations a delight to eager eyes. The Truths presented, even if not fully understood at first, will leave their impress, and in so far as they fill the little minds, will keep out falsehood and false ideas.

The putting of facts in such form as to attract the attention of the little ones, and be readily fixed in their memory, was first suggested to the writer of these rhymes by a valued friend, the well-known philanthropist, Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, and her interest in the "Melodies" is such that she has generously assisted in procuring illustrations for the same.

Thus "Mother Truth's Melodies" are introduced with the hope that this effort to entertain children with rhyming reason will meet with the approval of every lover of the young and of Truth.

E. P. M.





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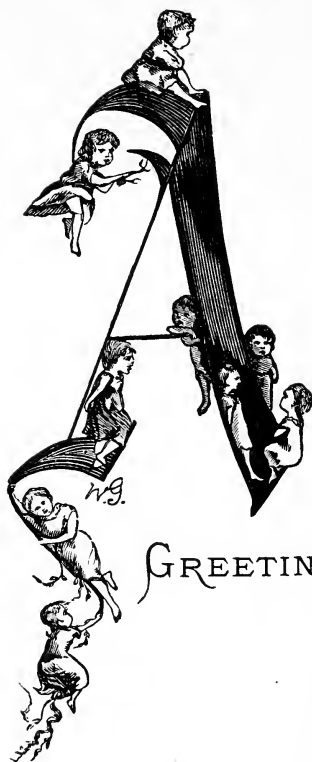
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GREETING.

MOTHER TRUTH'S MELODIES.

FLY AWAY, MOTHER GOOSE.



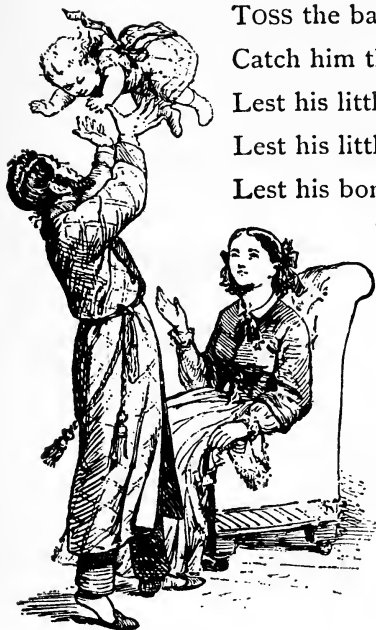
MOTHER GOOSE, Mother
Goose,
Fly, fly away !
Mother Truth's coming
now,
Coming to-day.

She'll tell us funny things,
But they'll be true ;
She'll bring us pictures,

As many as you ;

She'll sing us Melodies helping to show
How, to true women and men, we may grow.



TOSS THE BABY.

Toss the baby high in air ;
Catch him though with special care,
Lest his little back be strained,
Lest his little joints be sprained,
Lest his bones be bent or broken,
Lest through life he bear
some token
Of a careless toss or
fall,
That for sympathy shall
call,
And that must forever
be
Painful to our memory.



PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake,
Mama's boy,
Laughing and crowing,
And jumping with joy ;
Roll it and pick it and mark it with B,
And toss in the oven for Baby and me.



Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Papa's girl,
Springing in baby-gee,
Shaking her curl ;
Roll it and pick it and mark it with G,
And toss in the oven for Girly and me.

HEY, MY KITTEN, MY KITTEN.

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
 Hey, my kitten, my deary ;
 If Mama should feed him too
 often,

He never could be so cheery.
 Here we go up, up, up,

And here we go
 down, down,
 down-y,

If we never feed
 baby too much,
 He never will give
 us a frown-y.

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
 Hey, my kitten, my deary ;
 We'll put him to bed with the birdies,
 And that will make him so cheery !
 Here we go up, up, up,
 And here we go down, down, down-y ;
 If we give him nothing but smiles,
 He will give us never a frown-y.

WINKUM, WINKUM.



WINKUM, winkum, shut your eye,
Sweet, my baby, lullaby ;
For the dew is falling soft,
Lights are flickering up aloft,
And the head-light 's peeping over
Yonder hill-top capped with clover ;
Chickens long have gone to rest,
Birds lie snug within their nest,
And my birdy soon will be
Sleeping with the chick-a-dee,
For with only half a try,
Winkum, winkum, shuts her eye.

BABY'S BELL.

INGLE ! jingle ! baby's bell ;—
 What a tale its tongue might tell.
 Could it speak it sure would say,
 " When the baby 's tired with
 play,

And is getting cross, don't try

To jingle bells, but hush-a-bye ;
 All so still, now crooning low,
 Lull-a-bye, bye-o, bye-o,—
 Quiet down his quaking nerves,
 Soothe him as his state deserves ;—
 Passing hand from head to feet,
 Sl-o-w-l-y, softly, loving, sweet,
 As to smooth the feathers down,
 Rumpled from your birdling's crown ;—

See, he sleeps, and in his dream
Yours may hand of angel seem,
Ravelling out the tangled ills,
Knitting up with restful thrills."

WILLY-NILLY.



WILLY-NILLY, birdy sings,
For he's running over
With the music that he flings
To his sweet bird-lover ;—
Willy-nilly, baby laughs,
Gay and glad and gleeful ;
Brimming over high with health,
She is always playful.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY, hip-o'-to-hop,
Baby is crying, why doesn't he stop ?
What does he cry for ? his clothing is tight ;—
No wonder such things make baby a fright.

Humpty-dumpty, hip-o'-to-hop,
Baby was crying, but now he will stop ;
What did he cry for ? his clothing was wet ;—
No wonder such things should make babies fret.

Humpty-dumpty, hip-o'-to-hop,
Baby is crying, oh, when will he stop ?
What does he cry for ? his feet are a-cold ;—
No wonder such things should make baby scold.

Humpty-dumpty, hip-o'-to-hop,
Baby is crying, but soon he will stop ;
What does he cry for ? he had too much food ;—
No baby in this way can ever be good.

Humpty-dumpty, hip-o'-to-hop,
Baby is laughing and scarcely will stop ;
What does he laugh for ? Oh, when he feels well,
He always is happy,—'tis thus we can tell.



HUSH-A-BYE.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby,
On Grandmother's lap ;
Hush-a-bye, baby,
And take a nice nap ;
Hush-a-bye, baby,
What is it you say ?
Your " teeth are a-coming,"
You're " ten months to-day " ?
Well, babies must cry,
And Grandmothers must try

To comfort and hush them, but never forget
That little gums ache,
And little nerves quake,
Till little lips quiver, and babies must fret.

Hush-a-bye, baby,
We 'll cool his hot gums,
Hush-a-bye, baby,
With tiny ice-crumbs ;
Hush-a-bye, baby,
We'll rub hard and long
With icy-cold finger,—
See him list to my song !

Ah, babies are sweet
If their wants we but meet,



So why should we blame them when fretful and cross ?
Let us find what is wrong,
And remove it ere long,
And we 'll see that time thus spent is never a loss.

Hush-a-bye, baby,
What more can we do,
Hush-a-bye, baby,
That will comfort you ?
Hush-a-bye, baby,
We 'll lay you down flat,
On your stomach, dear baby,
On Grandmother's lap.

Nor trot you a mite,
No matter how slight,
But, sure that your clothing is all dry and neat,
We'll loosen each band,
And with soft and warm hand,
Gently rub you all over from head to your feet.

Hush-a-bye, baby,
We will not forget,
Hush-a-bye, baby,
That hands may be wet,



Hush-a-bye, baby,
And soothe you sometimes,
When dry hands won't do it,
Hush, list to my rhymes !

And now we 'll not nurse
Till the nursing 's a curse ;
Nor dose you, nor drug you, nor feed with sweet-meats ;
Nor to soothe, will we try,
With old " Dame Winslow " by,
For our hopes for the babies, she ever defeats.

Hush-a-bye, baby,
We 'll quiet his nerves,
Hush-a-bye, baby,
The truth it deserves—
Hush-a-bye, baby—
Even here to be known :
We will *quiet his nerves*
By *just calming our own !*
And our baby will feel
The sweet hush o'er him steal,
That brings with it soothing and comfort and rest ;
And to slumber so soft,
His spirit we'll waft,
And then lay him away in his own baby nest.



DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH.

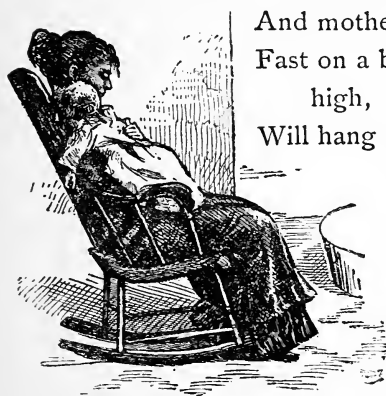
DEAR MAMA, I've been laughing
For Uncle Ben and Pa,
And then for sister Lizzie
I talked "ar-g-o-o" and "gar;"
And then a "little story"
For Dick and Cousin Jane,—
And now you, Mama, want me
To laugh and talk again.

I'd like to do it, Mama, but if I even try,
I am so weary with it, I'm sure I'd only cry!
Don't let them try, dear Mama, to make me laugh and
crow,
I'll do it when I'm able, for babies always do.

BYE-BABY-BUNTING.



BYE-BABY-BUNTING,
The Indians live by hunting,
And bring home many a beaver-skin
To wrap the little pappoose in.



And mother-squaw the baby'll tie
Fast on a board, and swinging
high,
Will hang it up among the trees
To rock-a-bye with every
breeze ;
But our dear baby, snug
and warm,
Shall rock-a-bye on mother's arm.

TO BED WITH THE CHICKENS.

OH, put me in my bed, Mama,
When chickens go to rest,
For I'm your little chick-a-dee,
So put me in my nest.

Yes, when the birds forget to sing,
And lambs forget to play,
You'll put your birdy in his nest,
Your lamb you'll fold away.



DIVE ME SUDAR.

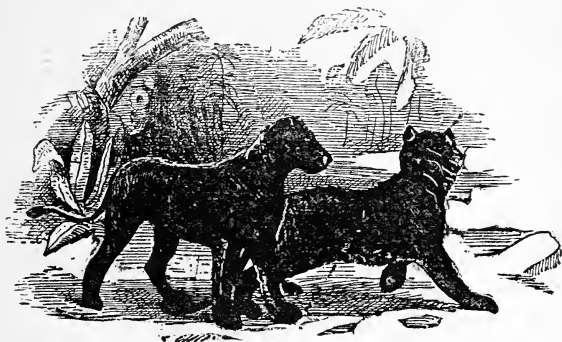


PAPA, when you dive me tandy,
Dive me only white,—
'Tause there 's poison in the tolored,
Which my health will blight ;
But you better dive me sudar,
Let the tandy be,—
'Tause I shall not want so much,
And that is best for me.

TAUSE I'M TROSS.

MAMA, 'tause I'm tross don't whip me ;
I tan't help it, not a bit !
'Tis the tandy hurts my stomat,
And that mates me whine and fret.
Sometimes, too, I'm whipped for trossness
When the trossness tomes from meat ;

Thint how tiders drowl and drumble,
And then dive me food to eat



That will mate me well and happy,—
Wheat and oat-meal, rice and fruit,
These will mate me dood and gentle,
'Stead of mating me a brute.



THE NEW BOOK.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO,
A picture-book for you,—
Keep it nice, and in a trice,
Sing Cock-a-doodle-doo.

WHISKUM, WHISKUM.



WHISKUM, whiskum, over the house,
Scud the cloudlets, still as a mouse ;
Whiskum, whiskum, by-and-by
They 'll pour rain-drops from the sky.

THE JACK-HORSE.

WE will ride our Jack-horse
All the meadows across ;

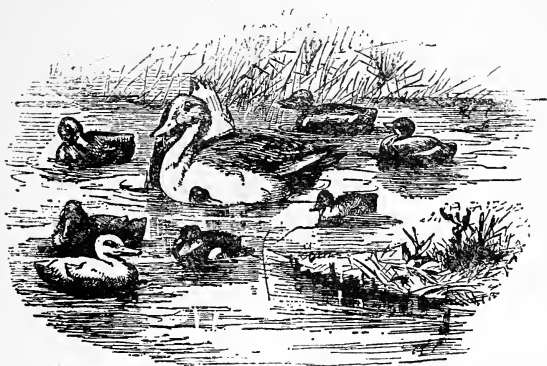
Oh no, do not whip him,
But feed him, my dear !

A handful of grass

In his mouth as we pass,

Will make him trot gayly,
And give us good cheer !

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE.



HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE,
Mother duck 's in the middle,
Her baby-ducks swimming around ;
 With bills like a ladle,
 And feet like a paddle,
No danger that they will be drowned.



THE RAIN.

COME, rain, come,
That the water may run,
That the meadow grass may grow ;
That the fruit and grain,
O'er hill and plain,
May greet us as we go.

Come, rain, come,
That the water may run,
That the mill may make our meal ;—
'Twill grind our wheat,
And corn so sweet,
When it turns the old mill-wheel.

FEED THE BIRDIES.



FEED the birdies, darling,
When the snow is here,
When there are no berries,
On the bushes, dear ;—
Scatter food out for them,
And they 'll quickly come,
Hopping, singing, chirping,
“ Thank you for the crumb.”

ROCK-A-BYE.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
Don't tremble with fear,
For that tends to make
His slight illness severe.



Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
Don't coax him to nurse,
For urging to eat
Only makes matters worse.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
No company 'round,
Not even the dear ones,
To make a loud sound.



Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
Don't rattle the papers
Nor whisper around,
Little nerves cut such capers.

Mother Truth's Melodies.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
Whatever is wrong,
Attend to his bowels,
Neglected too long.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
If he is too hot,
Undress him and bathe him ;
But, ah ! he is not.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill ;
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
There is cough with unrest,
So we'll wring out hot flannels
And cover his chest.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill;
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
He 's perspiring, to pour !
We will keep up this treatment
A full hour or more.



Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
Now dry him off neat,
And wrap him up warm,
And to-morrow, repeat.

Mother Truth's Melodies.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
'Tis not in his chest ?
Then place the hot flannels
Where he feels the unrest.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
He is moaning with pain,
And rolling his head,
And we pet him in vain.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill ;
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We will wring out from ice,
Linen cloths for his head,
All so cooling and nice.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill ;
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
If cold don't relieve,
Use hot and then cold,
And then hot, you perceive.



Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling is ill,
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll soon have him well ;—
Rock-a-bye, baby,
We 'll see that his feet
Are kept warm all the time,
And his clothes dry and neat.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
Our darling was ill ;
Rock-a-bye, baby,
But now he is well ;
Rock-a-bye, baby,
No drugs, not a dose !
Yet he 's over it finely,
Just hear how he crows !



LITTLE BO-PEEP.



Co' NAN, co' Nan, says little Bo-Peep,
Co' Nan, co' Nan, up come the sheep ;
They jump the ditch and scale the wall,
Where one sheep goes, they follow, all.

Co' dea', co' dea', says little Bo-peep,
Co' dea', co' dea', I 'll shear my sheep ;
Their wool so fine will make my coat,
My blankets and my hose to boot.



MAMA, PANKY ME.

SEE the baby run and tumble
'Cross his mother's knee,
While his merry voice is shouting,
"Mama, panky me!"

Hundred times he'll run and tumble
Thus in childish glee,
Bursting forth in joyous laughter,
"Mama, panky me."

But if she should "pank" in earnest,
Half as hard as now,
Quick would come in place of sunshine,
Clouds upon his brow.

Yes, if she should "pank" in earnest,
Little eyes would fill,
Little lips would curl and quiver,
Little shout be still.



Till the little heart no longer
Could contain its woe,
Then burst forth in cries of anguish,
Such as babies know.



LITTLE JACK HORNER.

LITTLE JACK HORNER
Sat in the corner,
Eating a morsel of nice brown bread ;
“ Have some pie, or some cake ” ?
“ Nay, not I,” with a shake
And a toss of his wise little head.
For this bread will make bone,
And white teeth like a stone,
That will neither grow soft nor decay ;
But rich cake and rich pie
Sure will break, bye and bye,
My good health, and that never will pay.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.



LITTLE Boy Blue, may I go with you
now ? ”

“ Yes, down to the pasture to drive
up the cow.”

“ Little boy blue, what then may I
have ? ”

A nice cup of milk as ever
cow gave.”

“ Little boy blue, the milk must be set ; ”

“ Yes, for 'tis thus the nice cream we shall get.”

“ Little boy blue, what will we do then ? ”

“ We 'll skim it and dash it, with ‘ churn, butter, churn.’ ”

“ Little boy blue, what else can we make ? ”

“ O, cheese, tempting cheese, and the dainty cheese-
cake.”

“ Little boy blue, is there anything more ? ”

“ O, yes, puddings, custards, and dainties, a store.”

“ Little boy blue, shall we eat of all these ? ”

“ Simple food is far better for us, if you please ? ”

MISS VELVET-PAWS.

LITTLE Miss Velvet-paws,
Ravelling out her yarn,
Catches mice, in a trice,
In everybody's barn.

Look out for velvet paws,
Do not trust them far,
For velvet paws cover claws
That will leave a scar.



POLLY HOPKINS.

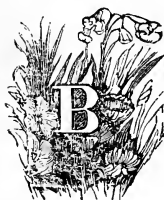


Now little Polly Hopkins
Must surely know great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K ;
And L, and M, and N, and O,
And P, and Q, R, S,
And T, U, V, and W, X,
And Y, & Z, I guess.

A, B, C.



Stands for
Alligator,



Stands for Ball,



Stands for Cat in a
cream-pot,



Stands for Doll.





Stands for East, or
Ellen,



Stands for Fay,



Stands for Goat, a Pen
in,



Stands for Hay.



Stands for Indigestion,





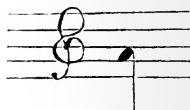
Stands for Jar,



Stands for King, or
Keepsake,



Stands for La.



Stands for Man, or
Thousand,



Stands for Nail,





Stands for Oaken
bucket,



Stands for Pail.



Stands for Queen, or
Question,



Stands for Rose,



Stands for Christmas
Stocking,





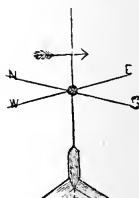
Stands for Toes.



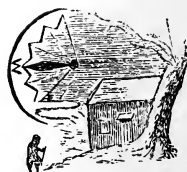
Stands for Urn, or
Ulster,



Stands for Vane,



Stands for West, or
Winter,





Stands for Ten.

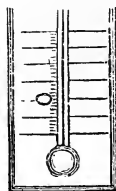
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Stands for Yoke
(with Oxen),



Stands for Zero,



when you 've learned your LETTERS,
You 'll be a Hero.

C-A-T SPELLS CAT.

C-A-T spells CAT,
That brought the kittens here ;



D-O-G spells DOG,
That does, the puppies, rear.



C-O-W, Cow,
The mother of the calf ;



O-X spells the Ox,
That's bigger, yes, by half.



B-O-Y spells BOY,
That 's little brother Lou ;



G-I-R-L, GIRL, .
And that is sister Sue.



B-I-R-D, BIRD,
Just hear canary sing ;



G-O-L-D, GOLD,
That makes a handsome ring.



B-O-O-K, BOOK,
In which we learn to read ;



C-O-O-K, COOK,
Supplies the food we need.



S-E-E-D, SEED,

From which we raise the
plant ;



S-I-N-G, SING,

Just hear the children chant.



B-A, BA, B-Y, BY,

And that spells BABY, love ;



L-A, LA, D-Y, DY,

And that spells LADY, dove.



M-A, MA, R-Y, RY,

And that spells MARY, child,



E-D, ED, D-Y, DY,

That's EDDY, sweet and
mild.

THE KITTEN.



ONE, two, (1, 2,)

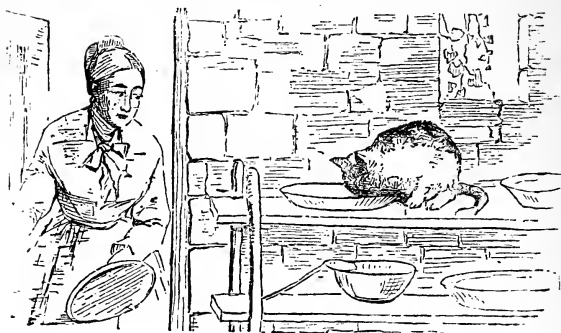
Here 's a kitten for you ;—

THREE, four, (3, 4,)

She will open the door,—

FIVE, six, (5, 6,)

And your cream she will mix,—



SEVEN, eight, (7, 8,)

If you are too late,—

NINE, ten, (9, 10,)

To cover the pan ;

ELEVEN, twelve, (11, 12,)

And then you must delve,—

THIRTEEN, fourteen, (13, 14,)

To cover her sporting ;

FIFTEEN, sixteen, (15, 16,)

But while you are fixing,—



SEVENTEEN, eighteen, (17, 18,)

Remember I'm waiting,—

NINETEEN, twenty, (19, 20,)

For butter, a plenty.



To those who serve you, children, all,

Be gentle and polite,—

For thus are gentle-women known,

Or gentle-men, at sight.

DOLLY DIMPLE.

DOLLY DIMPLE, just for fun,
Stands to show us she is ONE.



Dolly and her sister Sue
Show that ONE with ONE make TWO.



Dolly, Sue, and Nanny Lee
Show that ONE with TWO make THREE.



Doll, Sue, Nan, and little Noah
Show that ONE with THREE make FOUR.



Doll, Sue, Nan, Noah, and Ben Brive
Show that ONE with FOUR make FIVE.



Now all these with Jenny Hicks
Show that ONE with FIVE make SIX.



One more, Ned, a baby even,
Shows that ONE with SIX make SEVEN.



With these girls and boys, put Kate,
And the ONE with SEVEN make EIGHT.



All these Eight, with Adaline
Show that ONE with EIGHT make NINE.

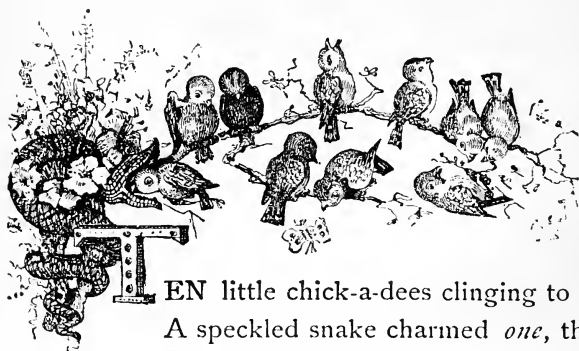


Now with these put Dick, and then
You'll see that ONE with NINE make TEN.

IF YOU PLEASE.



I HOPE my children never will
Say, "Give me this or that,"—
But, "If you please, I'd like a bun ;"
Or, "Thank you for a pat."

THE POOR LITTLE CHICK-A-DEES.

TEN little chick-a-dees clinging to a vine,—
A speckled snake charmed *one*, then there
were but NINE.



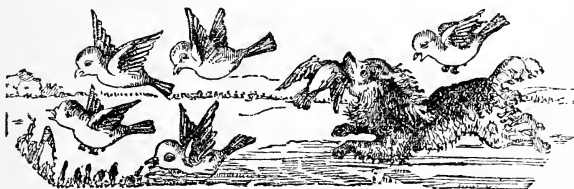
NINE little chick-a-dees,—one without a mate,—
A Sparrow-hawk caught *one*, then there were but EIGHT.



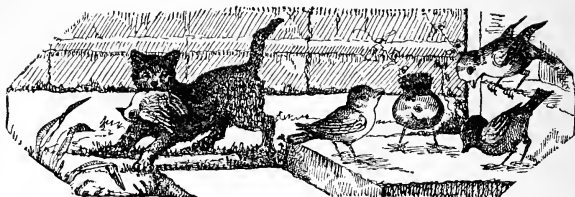
EIGHT little chick-a-dees, by a 'possum driven,—
He caught *one* and slaughtered it, then there were but
SEVEN.



SEVEN little chick-a-dees hopping round the ricks,—
A Weasel came and captured *one*, then there were but
SIX.



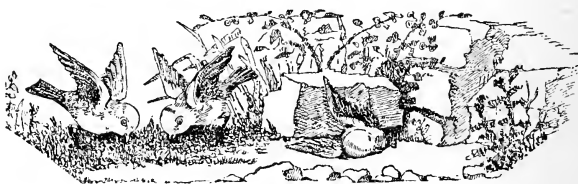
SIX little chick-a-dees watching Rover di.e,—
He sprang ashore and seized *one*, then there were but
FIVE.



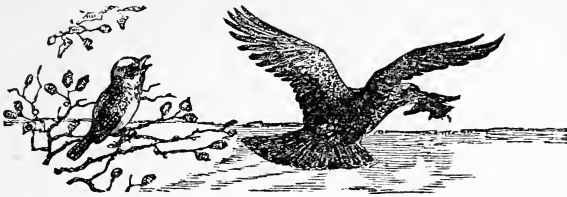
FIVE little chick-a-dees pecking at the door,—
Kitty-cat caught *one*, then there were but FOUR.



FOUR little chick-a-dees full of birdy-gee,—
One was tangled in a net, then there were but THREE.



THREE little chick-a-dees dabbling in the dew,—
A stone fell and crushed *one*, then there were but
TWO.



Two little chick-a-dees peeping just for fun,—
A naughty Kite nabbed *one*, then there was but ONE.



ONE little chick-a-dee, mourning all alone,
Flew away to find a mate, and then there was NONE.



*HEIGH-HO, DAISIES AND
BUTTER-CUPS.*

HEIGH-HO, daisies and but-
ter-cups

Grow in the meadows for
children to gather ;

But cattle will shun them,
And farmers will burn
them,

Because in their fields they
are only a bother.

Heigh-ho, red-top and clover-
bloom,

Filling the air with their sweet-
ness and beauty,

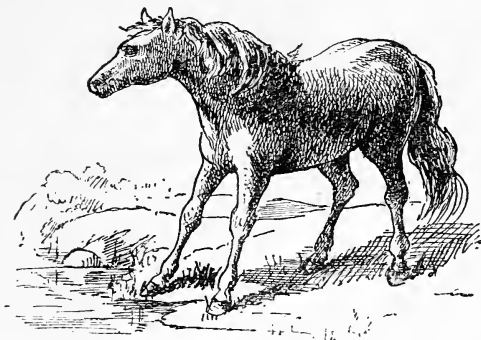
Will yield without measure,

Their wealth of rich treasure,

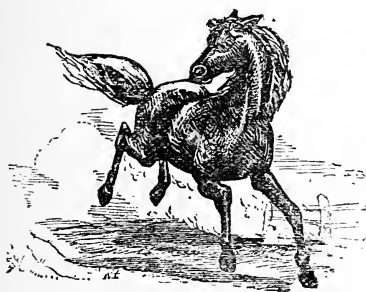
Rewarding the farmer for doing his duty.



THE PONY.



ONCE 2 is 2,
Here 's a pony for you ;



TWO 2s are 4,
But be careful the
more,—

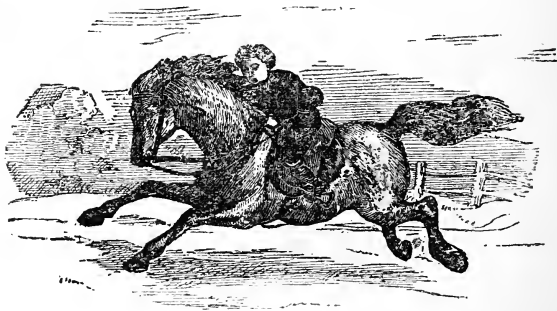
THREE 2s are 6,
For perhaps pony
kicks ;

FOUR 2s are 8,
And if so we must wait,—

FIVE 2s are 10,
Till he 's trained by the men,—



SIX 2s are 12,
Before trusting ourselves,—



SEVEN 2s are 14,
To ride him out sporting ;

EIGHT 2s are 16,
But we can be fixing—



NINE 2s are 18,
His food while we 're waiting ;

TEN 2s are 20,
Oh, yes, give him plenty,—

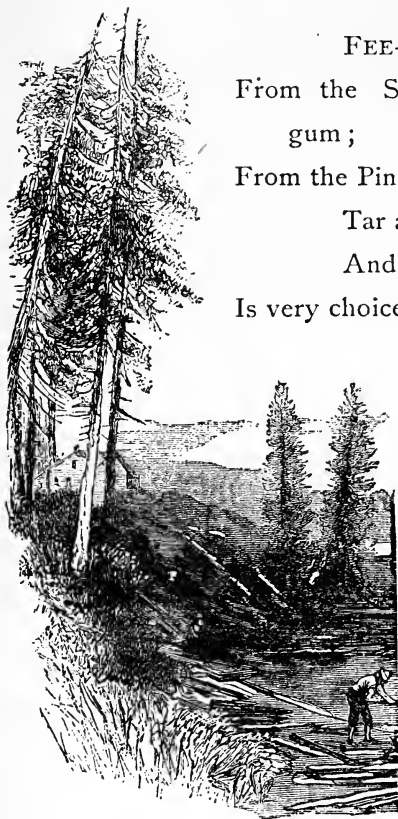
ELEVEN 2s are 22,
For then he will be gentle to—



TWELVE 2s are 24,
Us who feed and pet him more.





FEE-FI-FO-FUM.

FEE-FI-FO-FUM,
From the Spruce-tree comes the
gum ;
From the Pine the turpentine
Tar and pitch,
And timber which
Is very choice and fine.

Fee-fi-fo-fum,
How from Spruce
tree comes the
gum ?
Soft enough ;—the
sticky stuff,
From seam and
cleft,
Both right and left,
Flows out, and hard-
ens, rough.

Fay-fi-fo-fee,
Nut-galls grow on the Oak-tree ;
By tiny worms the nut-gall forms,
Like little ball ;
And from Nut-gall
The Gallic Acid comes.



Fee-fi-fo-fade,
From Nut-galls, too, the Tannin's made ;
While Acorns grow in group or row ;—
And Live-oak strong
Makes ship-masts, long,
That round the world may go.

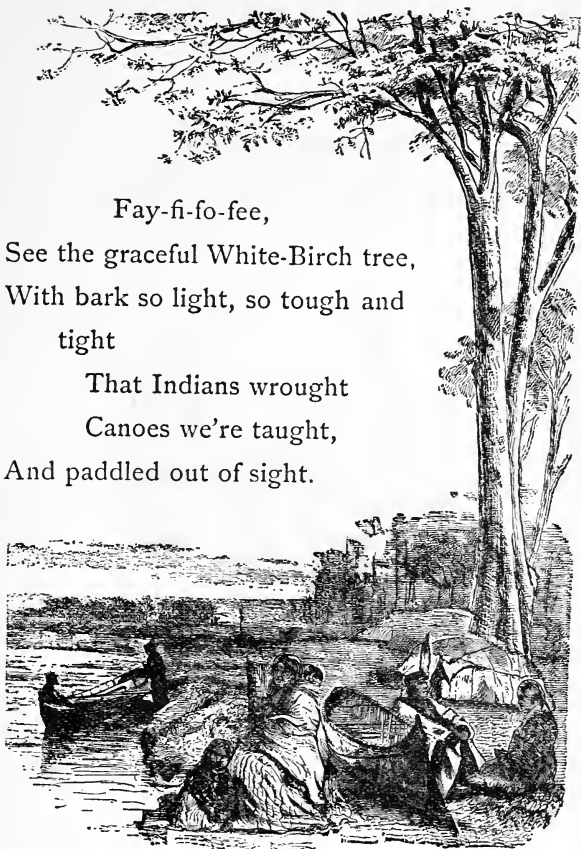
Mother Truth's Melodies.

Fee-fi-fo-fap,
We tap the Maples, and the sap



We find as sweet as sugar-beet,—
Then boiling hard,
Our sure reward,
The maple-sugar treat.

Fay-fi-fo-fee,
See the graceful White-Birch tree,
With bark so light, so tough and
tight
That Indians wrought
Canoes we're taught,
And paddled out of sight.



Fee-fi-fo-fap,
Hark and hear the Hemlock snap ;—
Little spine so full of wind,
 Heated, hops,
 And jumping, pops,
And makes the bright eyes shine.



Fee-fi-fo-fur,
See the curious chestnut-burr ;
Green and round, then turning brown,
 Frost opens wide
 Each prickly side
And out the chestnuts bound.

Fee-fi-fo-fay,
Now the farmer makes his hay ;
Grasses grow, which workmen mow,—
Toss every-wise,
Till sunshine dries,
Then into stacks, they stow.



Fay-fee fi-fo,
See the farmer wield his hoe,
Lettuce, greens, then corn and beans,
With pumpkin-vines
Along the lines,
Where many a weed o'er-leans.

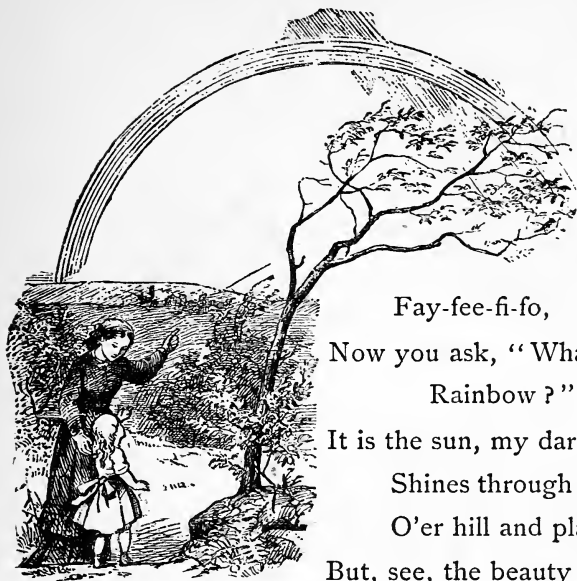
Fee-fi-fo-fog,
See the wriggling pollywog,— *



With funny tail ; but without fail
This pollywog
Will grow a frog,
And lose his wiggle-tail.

Fee-fi-fo-faint,
Colors, seven, the Rainbow paint ;
Violet bright is first in sight—
Then indigo,
Blue, green, yellow,
Orange and red,—the seven, WHITE.

* Common name for pollywig, or tadpole.



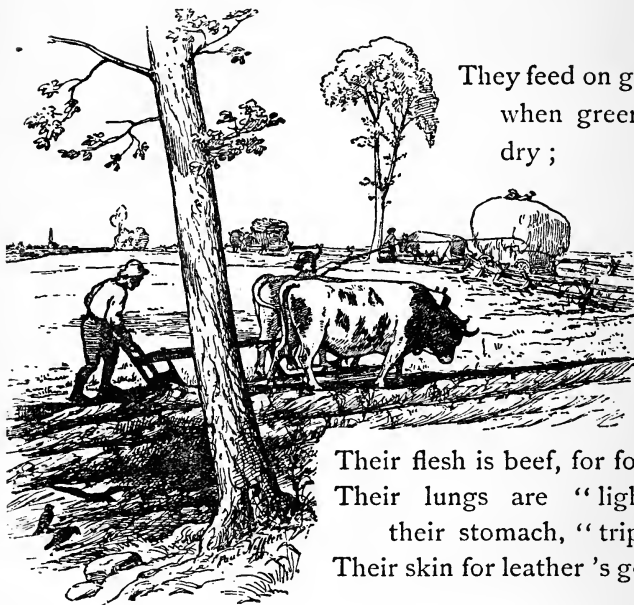
Fay-fee-fi-fo,
Now you ask, "What makes
Rainbow?"

It is the sun, my darling one,
Shines through the rain,
O'er hill and plain,—
But, see, the beauty's flown!

Fay-fi-fo-fear,
Don't you understand it, dear?
Raindrops fall, Sun shines through all,
Reflects beyond,
This beauteous wand
Which we, the Rainbow, call.

THE OXEN.

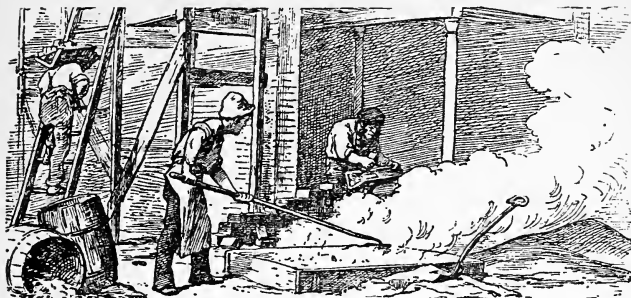
THE oxen are such clever beasts,
They'll drag the plough all day ;
They're very strong and tug along
Great loads of wood or hay



They feed on grass,
when green or
dry ;

Their flesh is beef, for food ;
Their lungs are "lights,"
their stomach, "tripe,"
Their skin for leather's good.

Their hair men use in mortar, too,—
Lime, water, sand, and hair,
They nicely mix and smoothly fix,
For plastering, so fair.



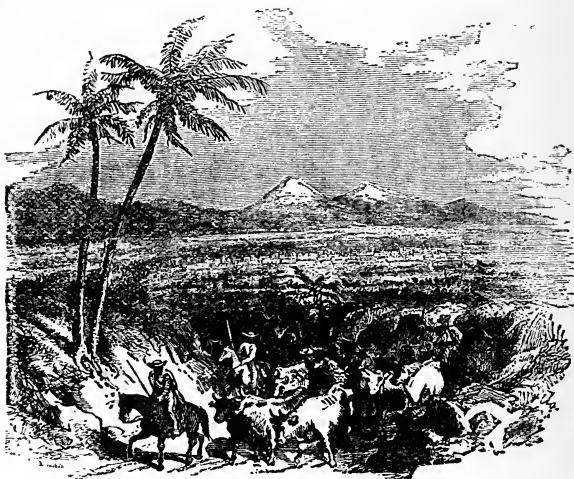
For making soap their bones are used ;
Their horns for combs we group ;
Their feet are boiled for "neat's-foot-oil,"
Their tails for ox-tail soup.

Their heart-case forms a money-bag ;
Their tallow, candles, white ;
Their intestine, gold-beater's skin,
With which gold-leaf we smite.



Thus every part is useful made ;
The same is true of cows,—
Except their ilk gives luscious milk
Instead of dragging ploughs.

Oxen and cows are "cattle" called ;
They go in "herds," when wild ;
But when they 're tame, by other name,—
A "drove," *en masse*, they 're styled.



Their little ones are "calves,"—and cows'
Rich milk produces cream,
Which butter makes, and nice cheese-cakes,
With curd, whey, and caseine.
And now 'tis funny, but 'tis true,
Some children young and mazy,
Have thought their eyes were used some-wise,
To make the ox-eyed daisy !

This can not be, yet creatures' bones
Placed round trees, plants, and bowers,
Will serve to feed just what they need,
To grow fine fruits and flowers.



THE BROKEN PITCHER.

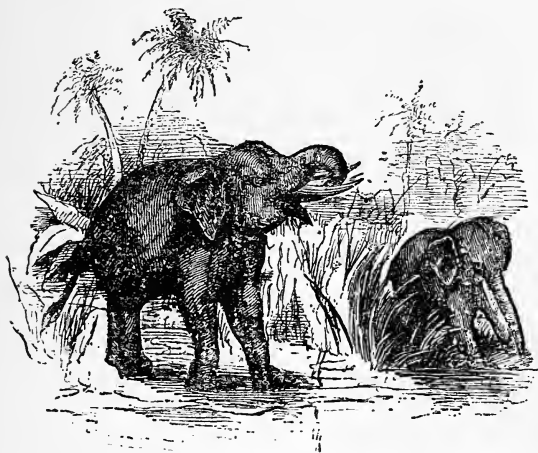
“ SWEET, my love, I’m sorry
That you did not tell,
When you broke the pitcher
Coming from the well.”

“ Oh, I thought you’d whip me,
Just as Betty did ;
Then when she would ask me,
I would tell a fib.”

“ Sweet, my child, I never
Punish any one
For an accidental
Thing that may be done.

“ Tell me always, darling,
Everything you do ;
This will help to make you
Thoughtful, brave, and true.”

THE ELEPHANTS.



THE ivory for our combs,
From elephants' tusks is made ;
The handles, too, for many a knife,
And for paper-knives, the blade.

The elephant knows a friend,—
And well remembers, too,
A kindly act,—but ne'er forgets
The teasing of a foe.

THE WIND.



HAT is the wind, Mam-
ma?"

"'Tis air in motion,
child;"

"Why can I never see
the wind
That blows so fierce
and wild?"

"Because the Gases, dear,
Of which the air is made,
Are quite transparent, that is, we
See through, but see no shade."



ND what are Gases, Ma?"

"Fluids, which, if we squeeze
In space too small, will burst with
force;"—

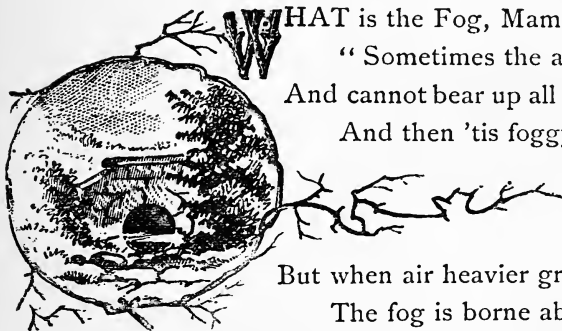
"And what are *fluids*, please?"

"Fluids are what will flow,—
And gases are so light
That when we give them room enough,
They rush with eager flight."



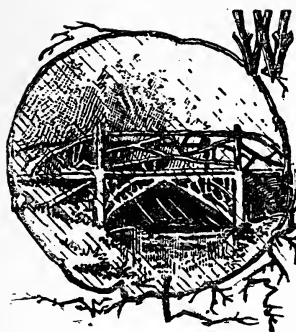
HAT gases, dear Mamma,
Make up the air or wind ? ”
“ ’Tis Oxygen and Nitrogen
That chiefly there we find ;
And when the air is full
Of Oxygen we ’re gay,
But when there is not quite enough,
We ’re dull or faint away.”

THE FOG.



W HAT is the Fog, Mamma ? ”
“ Sometimes the air is light
And cannot bear up all the mists,
And then ’tis foggy, quite ;
But when air heavier grows,
The fog is borne above, -
And floated off, the cloudy stuff,—
Just see it, graceful, move.”

THE RAIN.



“HAT makes the rain, Mamma?”

“The mists and vapors rise
From land and stream and roll-
ing sea,

Up toward the distant
skies ;

And there they form the clouds,
Which, when they 're watery, dear,
Pour all the water down to earth,
And rain afar or near.”

THE SNOW.

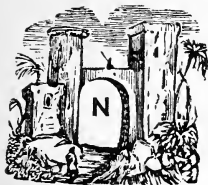


“HAT makes the Snow, Mam-
ma ? ”

“When very cold
above,

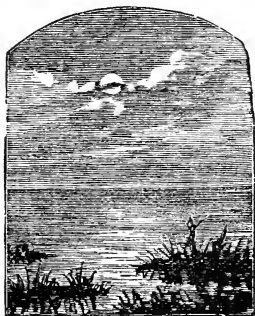
The mists are frozen high in air,
And fall as snow, my love.”

“ And Hail ? ” “ 'Tis formed the same ;
Cold streams of air have come
And frozen all the water-drops,
And thus the hail-stones form.



Now do not question more,
Dear child, but run, and play,—
I'll tell you of the Water, Fire,
And Light, another day."

“ Oh yes, and, dear Mamma,
Of Thunder, Lightning, too,
For I shall want to know it all,
So tell me, Mama, do."



TRUTH.

Do not let "Mother Truth" find a falsehood all over,—
Amongst all her children, no, never a lie ;
Stand for Truth, ye wee babies, for Truth, ye who 're
older,
For Truth while you live, and for Truth till you die.

All ye myriads of children this little book talks to,
Form now in each household a band for the Truth ;
Do not let even a "white lie," and still less a "whopper,"
Find a place in your hearts, nor your heads, nor your
mouth.

You know God is Truth ;—and as you are His children,
You want to be like Him as near as you can ;
Speak the Truth, live the Truth, be the Truth with Him,
And Heaven will have come, as Christ taught in his
plan.



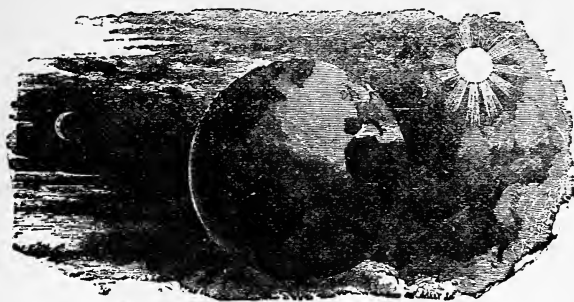
HI-DIDDLE, HO-DIDDLE.

HI-DIDDLE, HO-DIDDLE,
Pop-diddle-dee,
This Earth of ours, on which we live,
Is round as it can be.

Pray, then, what is a
Mountain, valley, hill ?
They are but like little warts,
And pores, on orange-peel.

Hi-diddle, ho-diddle,
Pop-diddle-dee,—
Our Earth is swinging in the air,
As you can plainly see ;—

Pray, then, what keeps it
Hanging up in space?
The Sun, my child, attracts the Earth
And holds it in its place.



Hi-diddle, ho-diddle,
Pop-diddle-dee,—
A lovely Moon is shining for
This Earth of ours, you see,—
Held in its cradle
Ever since its birth,
Because our globe attracted it,
As the Sun attracts the Earth.

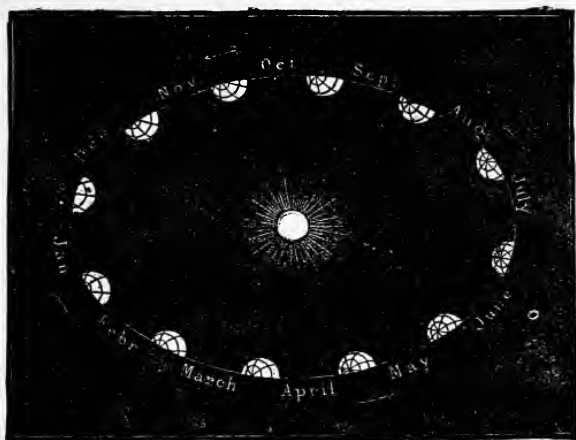
Hi-diddle, ho-diddle,
Pop-diddle-dee,
What I mean by globe, child,
You're wondering now, I see.

A globe or a ball, dear,
Is what is round and true,
And that is why I'm calling it,—
This Earth,—a globe, to you.

Hi-diddle, ho-diddle,
Pop-diddle-dee,
Instead of globe I might have said
A *sphere* for you and me ;
For all the same, in truth,
Are sphere and globe and ball,
And *hemi* 's half—so half this Earth,
A *hemisphere*, we call.

Hi-diddle, ho-diddle,
Pop-diddle-dee,
'T was once supposed the Earth stood still,
While Sun went round it, free ;—
But now we've learned it well,
That 't is the earth doth turn
Upon its Axis, as it 's called ;
And also round the Sun.

Hi-diddle, ho-diddle,
Pop-diddle-dee,
Our Earth, in turning round,
How long may she be ?



She turns on her axis
In a day and a night,
But to go around the Sun
Takes a year for the flight.

WHAT IS THE AXIS?

Now you ask "What is the Axis?"

With an apple I will show ;

Place your thumb upon the stem-place,

And your finger at the blow ;—

Now we 'll just suppose the apple

Has a stem that passes through,

And this stem would be the Axis ;

Now we 'll whirl the apple, true,

Holding fast 'twixt thumb and finger,—

That 's the way the Earth goes round

On its Axis, as we call it,

Though no real stem is found.

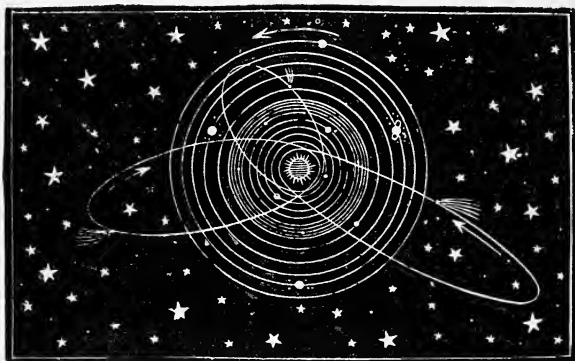
And the two ends of the Axis
Have been called the Poles, my dear ;
Yes, the North Pole and the South Pole ;
Where 'tis very cold and drear.

Now we 'll hold a bigger apple
At a distance, for the Sun ;
Tip the smaller one a little,
And then slowly wheel it round,
All around the larger apple,
And it represents the Earth
Circling round the Sun that holds it,
Ceaseless, in its yearly path.

Wondrous is the strong attraction
Of the Sun which holds in place,
All the Planets in their turnings,
All the Stars that see his face ;
But more wondrous far the power
That created Sun and us,
And that gave a form and being,
To this mighty Universe.

“ The Universe ! ” now you exclaim ;
“ By the Universe, what do you mean ? ”

'Tis the Sun and the Planets and everything known,
That we call by this Universe name.



Now the "Planets," you ask,
 " What are Planets?" They're globes,
Some larger, some smaller than Earth,—
 Which are swinging in space,
 And are all held in place,
By the God-power that first gave them birth.

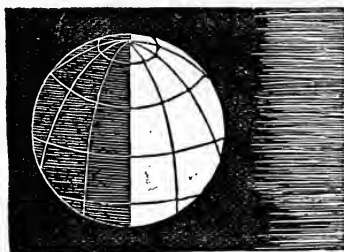


OUR LANGUAGE KEY.

WE are small, and we are few,
But we 're wondrous mighty, too,—
For no word can language wear,
Save in it we hold a share.
One of us in May is met,—
One is caught in every net ;
One is in the clambering vine,
One, in Moon, must ever shine ;
One 's in you,—and all so shy,
The last is hiding in your eye.

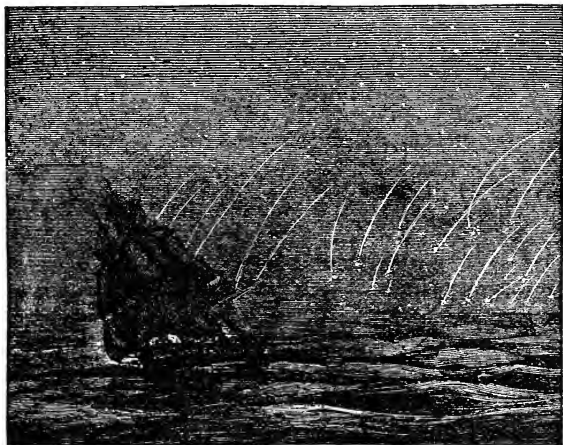
TWINKLE, TWINKLE.

“TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
Up above the world so far,
Whisper now and tell me, pray,
What you are, and how you stay.”

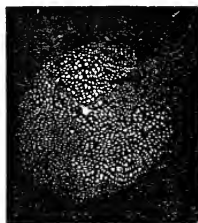


“Some of us away so far,
Planets like your own Earth, are ;
And we shine with borrowed light,
Borrowed from the Sun, so bright.

“Some of us are silvery moons,
Shining all the nightly noons ;
Some of us are jelly, soft,
Shooting, falling, from aloft.



“Some of us are Nebulæ,—
Faint and misty stars we be ;—
Some are Suns to other worlds ;
Here and there a Comet whirls.



“Having each our time and
place,
Swinging in the wondrous
space ;
Held in line by Him who
planned,
And who holds you in His
hand.”

OLD SOL IN A JINGLE.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE,
 The Sun 's in the middle,
 And planets around him so grand,
 Are swinging in space,
 Held forever in place,
 In the Zodiac girdle or band.



MERCURY.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
 The Sun 's in the middle,
 And Mercury 's next to the Sun ;
 While Venus, so bright,
 Seen at morning or night,-
 Comes *Second*, to join in the fun.



VENUS



EARTH.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
 The Sun 's in the middle,
 And *Third* in the group is our
 Earth ;
 While Mars with his fire,
 So warlike and dire,

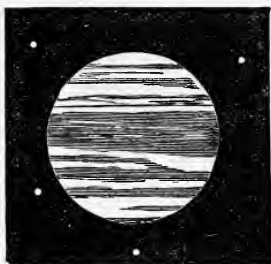


MARS.

Swings around to be counted the *Fourth*.



Hi-diddle-diddle,
 The Sun 's in the middle,
 While Jupiter 's next after Mars,—
 And his four moons at night
 Show the speed of the light ;
 Next, golden-ringed Saturn appears.

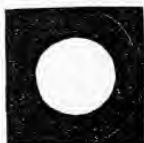


JUPITER.



SATURN.

Hi-diddle-diddle,
 The Sun 's in the middle,
 After Saturn comes Uranus far ;—
 And his antics, so queer,
 Led Astronomers near
 To old Neptune, who drives the last car.*

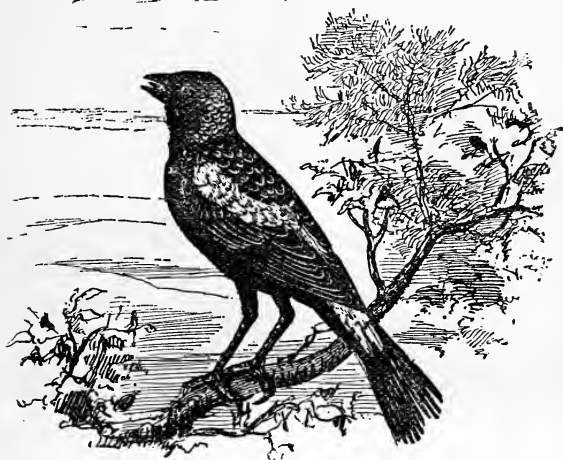


URANUS.

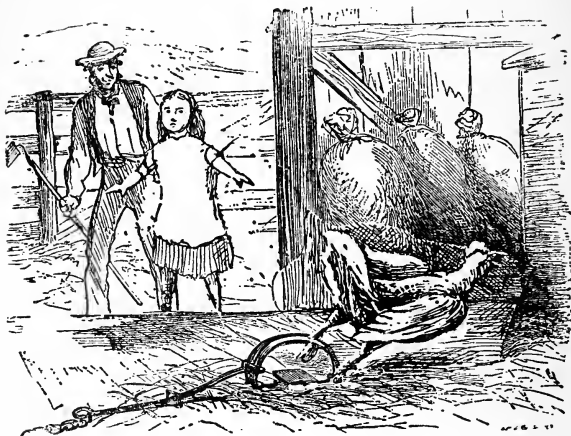


NEPTUNE.

* Other planets are as yet too little known to claim place.

"ROBERT OF LINCOLN."

BOB-O-LINK, bob-o-link, reed-bird, butter-bird,
All through the country his jingle is gayly heard ;
Revelling in rice-fields he sweeps through the South,
While wheat, corn, and barley-fields welcome him North.
And Bobby is wild with his singing and chatter,
So saucily calling with rattle and clatter,
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, Tom-denny, Tom-denny,
Come-now-and-pay-me-that-two-shillings-one-penny,—
No,-I'll-not-wait-for-a-day-nor-a-minute,
So-pay-me-up-quick-or-you 'll-get-your-foot-in-it ;—
Chink-a-chee, chink-a-chee, chink-a-chee, chin-it,
Yes,-pay-me-up-quick,-or-you 'll-get-your-foot-in-it."

LIMPY-DIMPY-DINGLE.

LIMPY-DIMPY-DINGLE, chicky-bid would stray
To the trap that had been set for weasels, many a day.

Limpy-dimpy-dingle, chicky-bid walked in,
And the trap, its teeth shut up, on chicky-biddy's shin.

Limpy-dimpy-dingle, chicky-bid is brought,
And her leg, so sore and big, we bathe with water hot.

Limpy-dimpy-dingle, here's a broken bone,
All so rough,—but close enough, we bring the ends,
right soon.

Limpy-dimpy-dingle, strips of paste-board cut,
We will place with care and grace, from thigh to trem-
bling foot.

Limpy-dimpy-dingle, softest cotton, too,
Just within the paste-board thin, to fit around so true.



Limpy-dimpy-dingle, now with tape or band,
Neatly wind, and closely bind, with deft and skilful
hand.

Limpy-dimpy-dingle, nature 'll do the rest,
And soon will knit the bone to fit, as good as very best.

THE RATTLE OF THE BONES.

OW many bones in the human face ?
FOURTEEN, when they 're all in place.

How many bones in the human head ?
EIGHT, my child, as I 've often said.

How many bones in the human ear ?
THREE * in *each*; and they help to hear.

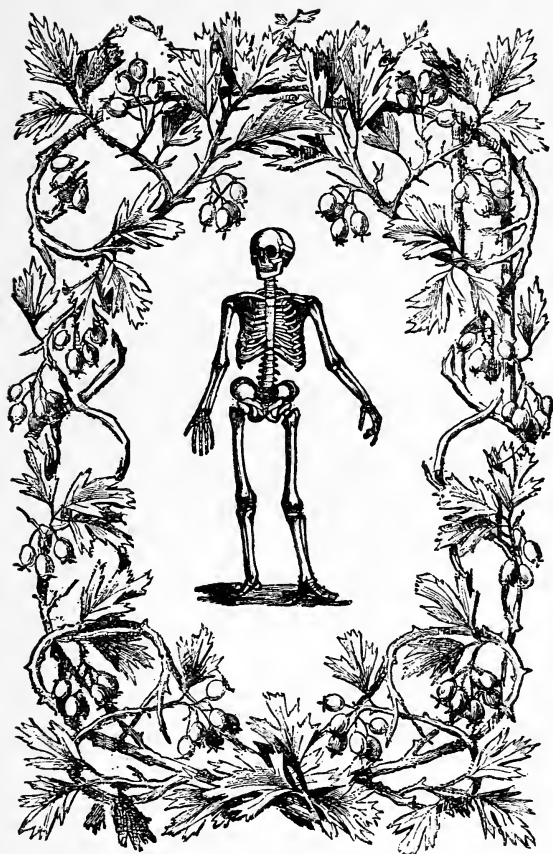
How many bones in the human spine ?
TWENTY-SIX ; like a climbing vine.

How many bones of the human chest ?
TWENTY-FOUR ribs; and TWO of the rest.

How many bones, the shoulders, bind ?
TWO in *each* ; one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm ?
In *each* arm, ONE ; TWO in *each* fore-arm.

* Standard authorities give *three*, though latest works say *four*.



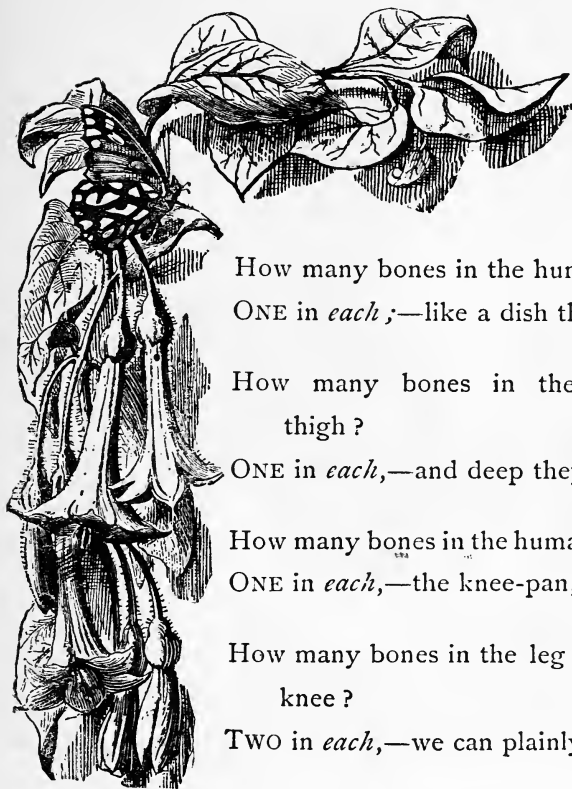
How many bones in the human wrist ?
EIGHT in *each*, if none are missed.



How many bones in the palm of the hand ?
FIVE in *each*, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten ?

TWENTY-EIGHT, and by joints they bend.



How many bones in the human hip ?

ONE in *each* ;—like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human
thigh ?

ONE in *each*,—and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees ?

ONE in *each*,—the knee-pan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the
knee ?

TWO in *each*,—we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong ?

SEVEN in *each*,—but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot ?

FIVE in *each* ; as in hands were put.

How many bones in the toes half-a-score ?

TWENTY-EIGHT,—and there are no more.

And now, all together, these many bones, fix,

And they count in the body TWO HUNDRED and SIX.

And then we have, in the human mouth,

Of upper and under, THIRTY-TWO TEETH.

And we now and then have a bone, I should think,

That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink,—

A Sesamoid bone, or a Wormian, we call,

And now we may rest, for we 've told them all.



WHOLLY HOLE-Y.



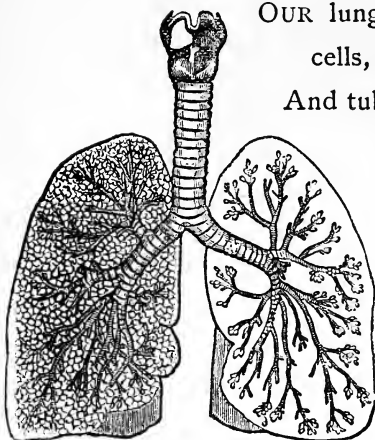
SEVEN million little openings,
God has made upon your skin ;
Mouths of tiny little sewers
That run everywhere, within.
And along these numerous sewers
All impurities must go,
That are not by other outlets,
Carried off with active flow.

When these many little openings,
We call PORES, get shut quite close,
Through your frame the poison wanders,
Making you feel dull and cross.
It will make your lungs grow tender,
And they 'll soon be sore, and cough ;
It will make your stomach feeble,
And your head ache hard enough.

Then your heart can not be joyous,
And your other organs, too,
Will get weak, and be unable
For the work they ought to do ;
Quaking nerves will groan and quiver,
Weary bones be racked with pain,
And you 'll all the time be saying : .
“ How can I be well again ? ”

HEAT and BATHING widely opens
All the pores, when discords dire,
Quick flow out in perspiration,
Quenching all the fever-fire.
Ravelling out the tangled tissues,
Setting free the life-blood's flow,
Pouring forth the pent-up poisons,
Wakening thus a healthful glow.



THE BREATH O' LIFE.

OUR lungs are formed of curious
cells,

And tubes to draw in air,—

And if we breathe quite
deep and full

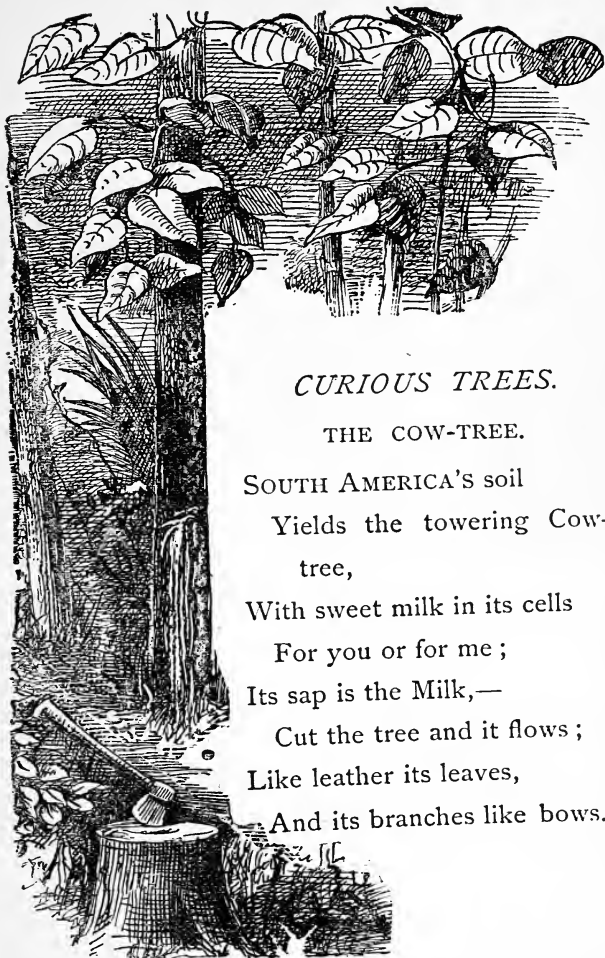
And take our needful
share,

'T will keep our blood so
red and pure,

Our health so firm
and true,

We scarce shall know what suffering means,
But joyous feel, and new.

But if we wear our clothing tight,
The little cells will close,
And then they cannot do their work,
And thus our health we lose ;—
Or if we breathe the air impure,
'T will give us tainted blood,
While plenty, pure, sun-ripened air
Will make us glad and good.



CURIOUS TREES.

THE COW-TREE.

SOUTH AMERICA'S soil
Yields the towering Cow-
tree,
With sweet milk in its cells
For you or for me ;
Its sap is the Milk,—
Cut the tree and it flows ;
Like leather its leaves,
And its branches like bows.

THE SUGAR-PINE.

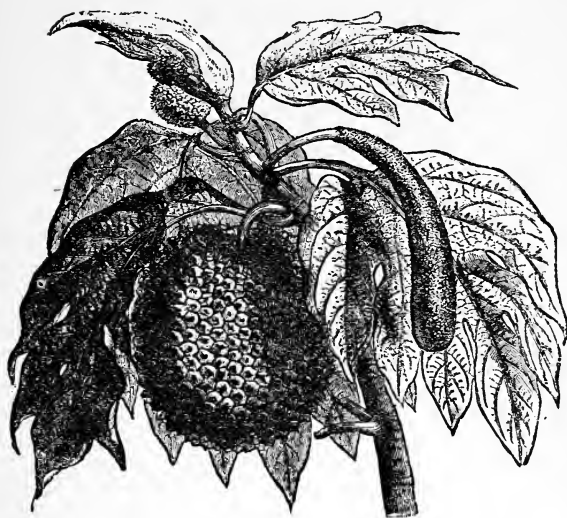
Then, too, my dear children,
The sweet Sugar-pine,
On Pacific's wild coast,
In our own soil we find ;
Cut or scoop out the trunk,
And the juices ooze forth,
And harden, for sugar,
Like icicles, North.



THE BUTTER-TREE.

And, funny enough,
There's a Butter-tree, too ;
Its seeds, when boiled down,
Will make butter for you.
In India and Afric
The Butter-tree grows,
With coffee and spices,
As every one knows.

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.



AND listen, dear children,
In hot countries too,
The Bread-fruit tree grows,
Most delicious for you ;
Its great roasted nuts,
Like soft, sweet loaves of bread,
Form most of the food
On which natives are fed.

And further, its fibres
 Of bark, will make cloth ;
 Its wood, boats and houses ;—
 Its leaves are not loath
 To be used for a towel,
 A table-cloth, napkin ;
 Its juice will make bird-lime,
 And tinder, its catkin.

THE CLOVE-TREE.



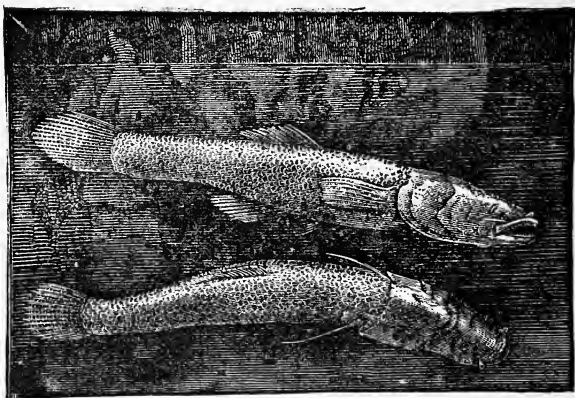
AND, children, one more,
 Here's a spicy Clove-tree,
 Growing forty feet high,
 Ornamental, you see ;
 The little round drop,
 Fixed the four prongs be-
 tween,
 Forms the blossom or flower,
 When it's not picked too
 green.

Now list, while I tell you,—
 Clove-trees will not grow
 Except in hot climates,
 Moluccas, or so,

Where they bloom the year round,
In the sunshine or storm,
With their trunks straight and smooth,
And their pyramid form.

And lastly, dear children,
Clove-trees never flower
Till a half-dozen years
They have grown, maybe more ;
Then the buds, picked by hand,
And dried quickly, are best ;—
Trees a hundred years old
Often yield with the rest.



NO EYES.

THOSE Creatures that live in the dark,
And have no use for eyes,
Are made without these organs bright,
Which we so highly prize.

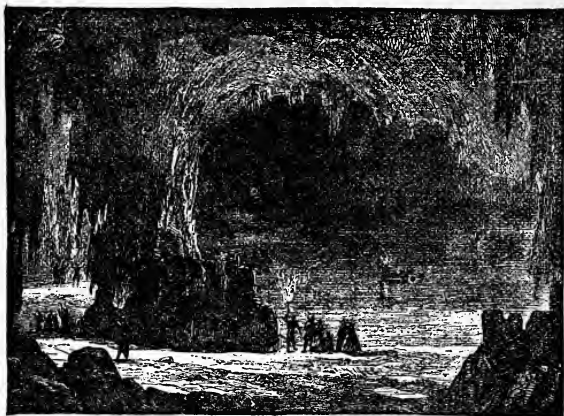
The fish in the Mammoth cave,—
Some species of the Ant,—
Have only a trace where eyes should be,
Yet never know the want.

Who knows but girls and boys,
Kept always in the dark,
Might come to have but little sight,
And finally not a spark.



God meant us to live in the light
He has poured it all about ;
Oh, let us not ourselves destroy,
By shutting His sunshine out.



THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

“ WHAT is the Mammoth Cave ? ”

I hear the children say,
Where fishes have no eyes nor sight,
And where 'tis dark by day ?

You all have seen a ledge
Of big rocks piled, or stone ?—
Now just suppose a door-way made,
Or entrance to go in.

And when you 're in, a path
 Leads on, right under ground,
And by-and-by you come to a place
 Like a room with walls around.

'Tis jagged and rough and rude,
 'Tis dark and damp as a grave,
But whether 'tis large or small.
 'Tis always called a cave.

Now, Mammoth means *monstrous big*,
 And the Mammoth Cave, we claim—
As the largest known in the world,
 And that 's what gives the name.

And it has many a room,
 Quite large and wondrous grand,
And it has springs and streams and lakes,
 All dark, you understand.

And here are fishes, too,
 Yes, fishes with no eyes,
That have lived in the dark for ages past,
 As learned men surmise.

THE CAMELS.

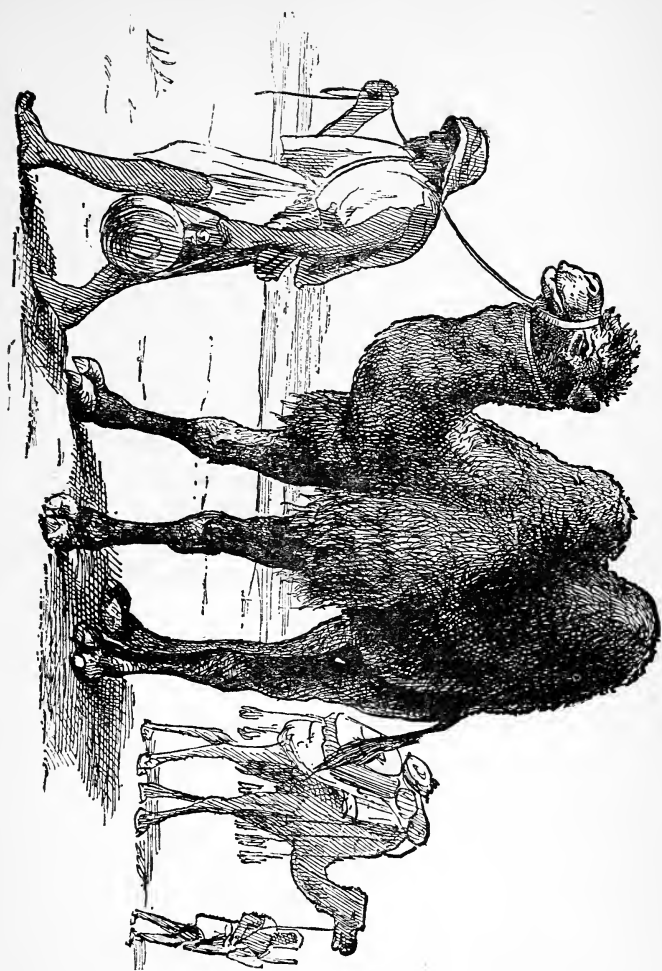
THE Camels live in desert lands ;
Their feet are made to walk on sands ;
They carry burdens far and near,
Where neither grass nor trees appear ;

Where there 's no rain, no rivers, brooks,
No water anywhere for folks ;—
But God has made in Camels' chest,
Peculiar sacs, for He knew best

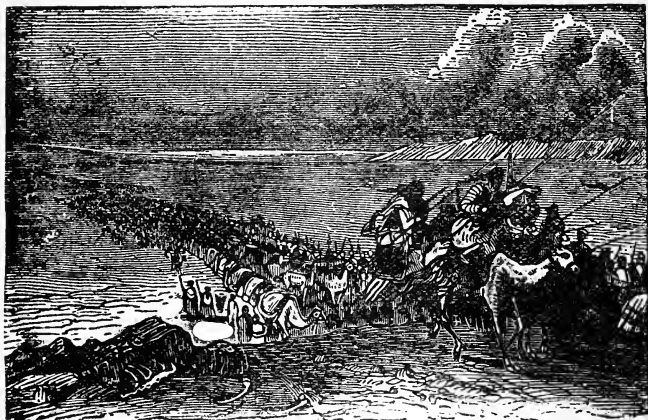
What they must do, and that they 'd die,
If He did not their drink supply.
Before they start they drink and drink,
Till every sac is full I think,—

And at the mouth of every sac,
A muscle strong, but loose and slack,
Will tighten up when it is filled,
So that no drink can e'er be spilled.

And when on journey, last or first,
The camel wants to slake his thirst,
A bag-string loosens, and out-pours
Enough to satisfy for hours.



The laden camels, in a row,
Are called a Caravan, you know ;—
Sometimes a caravan is lost,
Being buried deep in sand and dust.



A storm of wind, a Simoon named,
Will sweep across the desert sand,
When camels, men, and every one
Must throw themselves their knees upon,
And bury faces in the earth,
For thus alone they save their breath ;
A fearful thing, but 'tis the best
That they can do,—now hear the rest.

Sometimes they 're buried deep, and find
When they dig out they 're almost blind
And cannot tell which way to go,
And thus are lost,—a serious woe !

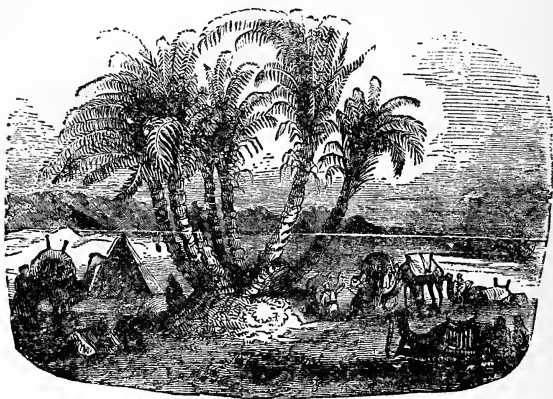


Sometimes, when lost, the drink for men
Gets short ; is gone ; they thirst, and then



They kill a camel just for lack
Of what he carries in his sac.

In deserts bare and bleak and drear,
The sun shines hot through all the year,
But many an Oasis is found,
Or spot where grass and trees abound.



And here is drink, and here they rest,
And take their fill of what is best ;
Then travel on in thankful mood,
With song and shout ! “ ~~Allah~~ is good ! ”

God



KEY-NOTES.



LIGHTLY flowing LIQUIDS, we,—
Tethered with our brothers,
Make we music, melody,
More than all the others ;—
Lulling, mellowy, nimble, rare,
Revelling in rhythm,
Running here and everywhere,
Make we merry with 'em.

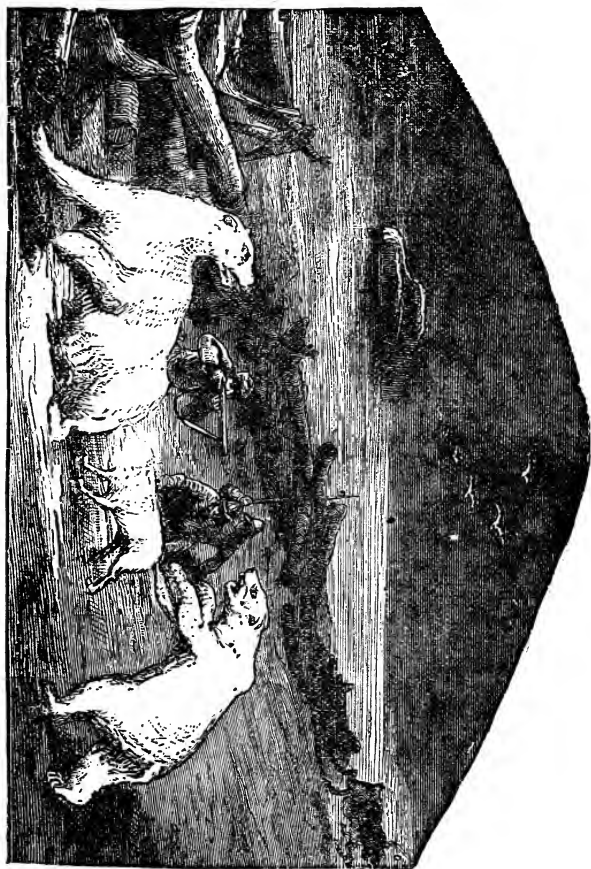
THE BEARS.

WILD bears are found all over,
From Northern lands to South,
But largest, strongest, where 'tis cold,
And fiercest, farthest North.

All bears are fond of honey,
Of berries, too, and roots ;
They hug or squeeze their prey to death.
As this their nature suits.

They mate in June-y weather :
Their little ones are cubs ;
They sadly mourn when mates are killed,
You'd almost hear their sobs.

They'll try to feed a cub
That's lying cold and dead,
And will not flee, but stand and take
The fatal knife instead.



They sleep through winter-time,—
But prow! in wildest storms,
With hope to find some creature killed,
Or struck with death's alarms.



The bears are white, or black,
Or brown, or grizzly gray,—
The white, 'mong polar snows are found,
Where half the year is day.
Their fur is used for robes,
For coats, sometimes a muff;—
Their meat is prized by some as food,
While some would call it "stuff."

They nimbly climb a tree,
But "back down,"—for their frame
Is made so lungs would forward press,
If they, head-foremost, came.



THE BEAR A BLESSING.



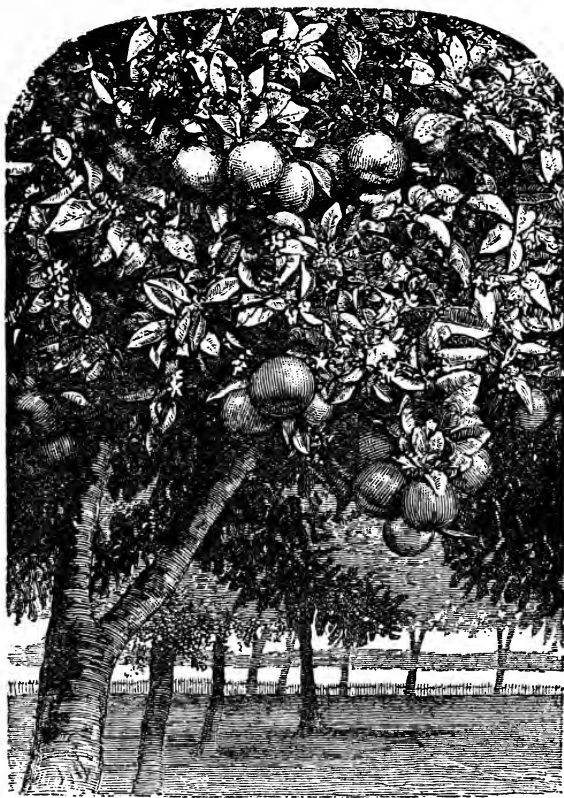
To people of Kamtschatka,
The bear a blessing proves ;
His skin forms beds and coverlets,
And bonnets, shoes, and gloves.
His flesh and fat are dainties,
And of his intestine,
Is made a mask for warding off
The glare of Sun in Spring.

'Tis also used for windows,
As substitute for glass ;—
Of shoulder-blade a tool is made,
That's used for cutting grass.



Norwegians think the Bear is
More sensible than men ;
While Laplands call him “ Dog of God,”
And dare not him offend.

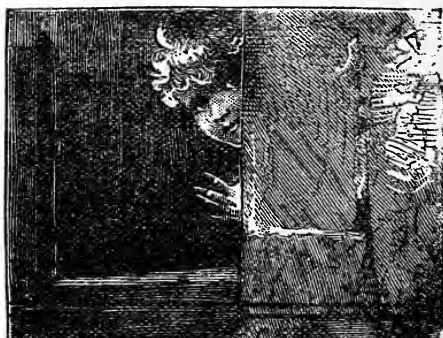




THE fruits of the orchard and garden
Are beautiful, luscious, and good,—
Partake of them freely, dear children,
But eat them at meals with your food.

THE RACCOON.

COME, child, and see our pet Raccoon,—
The Raccoons live in the woods, you know,
But ours was caught,
And caged, and brought
From old Virginia, long ago.



Oh, no, you need not be afraid,
See, he is fastened with a chain ;
For ropes enough,
He has gnawed off,
And he is hard to catch again.



He e'en will climb this ten-
foot fence,
And, careless where his feet may
strike,
He tumbles, bang !
And there will hang,
His rope being caught by vine or
spike.

And once the rascal ran
away ;
Was gone for days, and
maybe weeks ;

When children came,
And charging blame,
Said, " Your Raccoon has caught our
chicks.





“He’s on our roof a-making mouths,
And chatters when we would go
near,
We wish you’d come and take him
home,
So that our chickens need not fear.”

So now he 's chained ; yet up he 'll climb
The stake to which he 's fastened tight,
 And mutter low,
 So pleading, Oh !
'T would make you sorry for him, quite.

Just see his nose, so pointed, sharp,—
His ears as keen as keen can be,—
 His eyes so bright,
 So full of light,
And see him leap right merrily !

His fur, you see, is yellowish gray,—
And he is nearly two feet long ;
 He lives on roots,
 And nuts and fruits,
When he 's his native woods among.

But here we give him bread and milk ;
He never eats like dogs or lambs,
 But takes it up
 From out the cup
With his fore-foot, as we use hands.

You 'd laugh to see him, I am sure ;
Of strawberries, too, he 's very fond ;
Will poke around
Till he has found
Each one among the hulls out-thrown.



Then, too, he 's fond of
nice clean clothes,—
Will spring for sheets hung
out to dry ;
And children dressed
In very best,
Are sure to please his
dainty eye.

No matter where his feet
have been,
He 'll spring and plant
them, little pest,

On something white,
And then will fight
To hold, and hide it in his nest.

* * * * *



You've "come again to see our Coon" ?
Well, he is gone ; he plagued us so,
We sent the " Rac "
To Central Park,
Where you can see him when you go.

Oh yes, they 're glad to get him, there ;
They have no clothes hung out to
dry ;
And children aye
Must stand away,
For there a keeper 's always nigh.



A "Yes" and "No" are common, hard,
But "yes'm," "no-sir," choice ;—
Let none but sweet and gentle words
Flow from your gift of voice.

THE BANK-SWALLOWS.

IN a village of Bank-Swallows,
You will find so many a nest,
That you scarce can tell their number,
Nor which one of them is best.

In the sand-hill, see the openings,
Round or oval, odd-shaped, some,
Size and form depending often,
On how loose the sand become

When with their short bills they pecked it,—
Clinging fast with claws the while,—
Till they made an open door-way,
Suiting them in size and style.

Once within, they peck and peck it,
Sometimes quite a yard or more,—
While the nest is snugly builded,
Farthest from the outer door.

But, so wise are they, this archway
From the entrance to the nest,
Is inclining ever upward,
That no rain within may rest.

So the pink-white eggs are laid there,
Safe from harm, till baby-birds
Chirrup forth to take their places
'Mongst the self-sustaining herds.

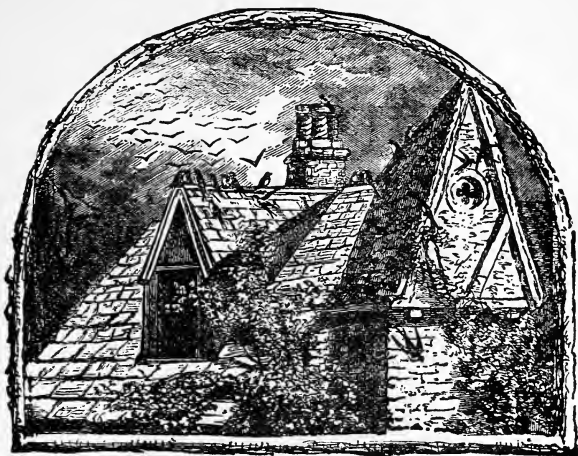
Smallest of the swallow species,
Homeliest, too, yet favorites dear,
For their graceful, airy movements,
And their simple, social cheer.

Found are they from North to South-land,
Known of every tribe and race ;—
Swift in flight, yet swinging, swaying,
Skimming low from place to place.

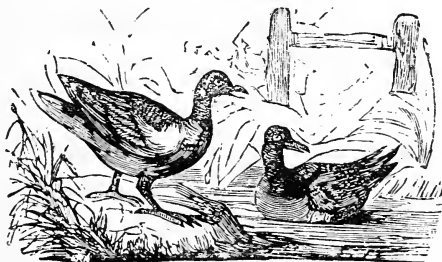
Parent-birds care less for young ones,
Than do other swallow-kind ;—
Push them off half-fledged and timid,
Each his food and home to find.

Thus they, many a time, fall prey to
Hawks and crows,—their enemies ;—
Even the nest sometimes is entered
By the snakes and fleas and flies.

Swallows migrate in the Winter,
From the cold, to warmer climes,—
Flying back as Spring approaches,
To the haunts of former times.



“Ne’er one swallow makes a Summer,”
Is a saying everywhere ;—
But when swallows come in myriads,
Blessed Summer-time is here.



THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THE New World boasts the Mocking-bird ;
And whether caged or free,
His wondrous voice pours forth in songs
Of rarest melody.

His notes swell out, and die away,
As if a joyous soul
Were wrought to highest ecstasy,
All music to control.

His native notes are bold and full,
And then he 'll imitate,
Till it would seem the feathered tribe
Were all arrayed in state.

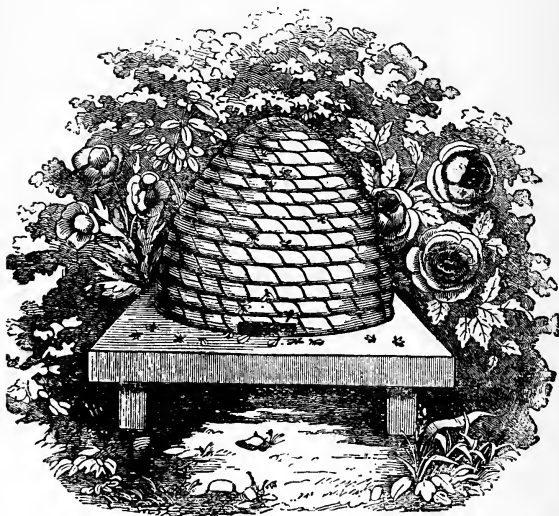


He'll whistle for the dog or cat,—
Will squeak like chicken, hurt,—
And cluck and crow and bark and mew,
So comical and curt.

While blue-birds warble, swallows scream,
Or hens will cackle clear,—
In robin's song, the whip-poor-will
Pours forth his plaint so near.

Canaries, hang-birds, nightingales,
He echoes loud and long ;
While they stand silent, mortified,
He triumphs in his song.

THE BUSY BEES



WHY do the little busy bees
So dearly love their queen,
And wait upon, and pay respect,
With watchful care and mien ?



Because the queen lays all the eggs,
And mothers all the young,
While every father-bee that's
hatched
Is nothing but a drone.



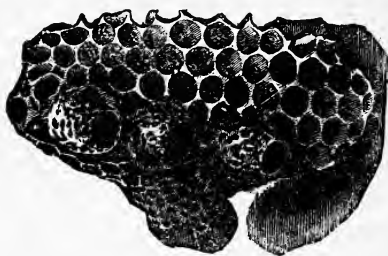
The working-bees might all be queens,
If cared for and well-fed
When they are in the larvæ state,
But they're half-starved instead,—

While those intended for young queens
Are fattened overmuch,
And nursed and petted every hour,
That they full growth may reach.

For every different kind of egg
That makes the different bees,
A different kind of cell is made,
The queen directing these.

For drones or males, six-sided cells,
Quite neat, and smooth, and nice ;
For working-bees a smaller cell,
Uncouth, and rough, and coarse ;

While those for queens are large and free,
And fashioned fine with care,
And lined with softest silken shreds,
So daintily they fare.



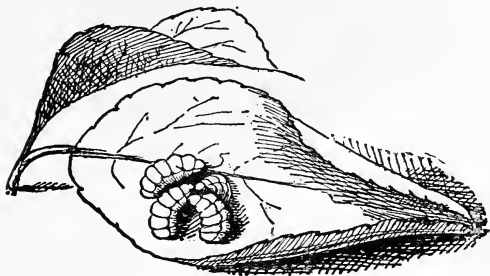
The queen-bee lays the worker-eggs,
A dozen days, I ween,
And then the drones, as many more,
Then workers, then the queen.

Eggs, two or three, and sometimes four
Are laid in worker-cell ;
While drones and queens have each but one,
As oft is proven well.

The bluish eggs so close and warm,
Hatch out with three days passed ;

When larvæ, white, as little worms,
Are watched and fed and nursed.

These larvæ, when some six days old,
Close in their cells are shut,
And there at once begin to weave
A silken web about.



They turn and twist till all around
Themselves 'tis woven quite,
And then they rest for twenty days,—
'Tis such a pretty sight,

The small cocoons of working-
bees,

The larger ones of drones,
The large and plump and per-
fect ones

Of all the coming queens.



In twenty days they now burst forth,
Equipped from tip to toe,
The working-bees and drones, I mean,
For queens come forth more slow.



The queen cocoons ope from
behind,
And I will tell you why,
'Tis that the reigning queen
may sting
The others till they die

If mother-queen leads off a
swarm,
A young queen they release,
And she may take another
swarm,
And leave the hive in peace.

Another queen is then let
out,
Perhaps a third and fourth,
As many as can raise a swarm,
To follow them, not loath ;

But when no more can swarm and go,
Because not bees enough,
As I have said, the reigning queen
Stings all the rest to death.

For in each hive and everywhere,
One queen alone will reign,
And any interloper meets
With sure and sharp disdain.

Of workers, some are strong to fly,
While some are weak and small,
Unfitted quite, for load or flight,
Or outside work at all.

These last complete the larvæ-cells,
And nurse and feed the young ;
They mix the bee-bread, cleanse the hive,
And care for every drone.

All bees have stings except the drones,
And these, when Autumn nears,
Are stung to death with furious wrath,
As by the book appears.

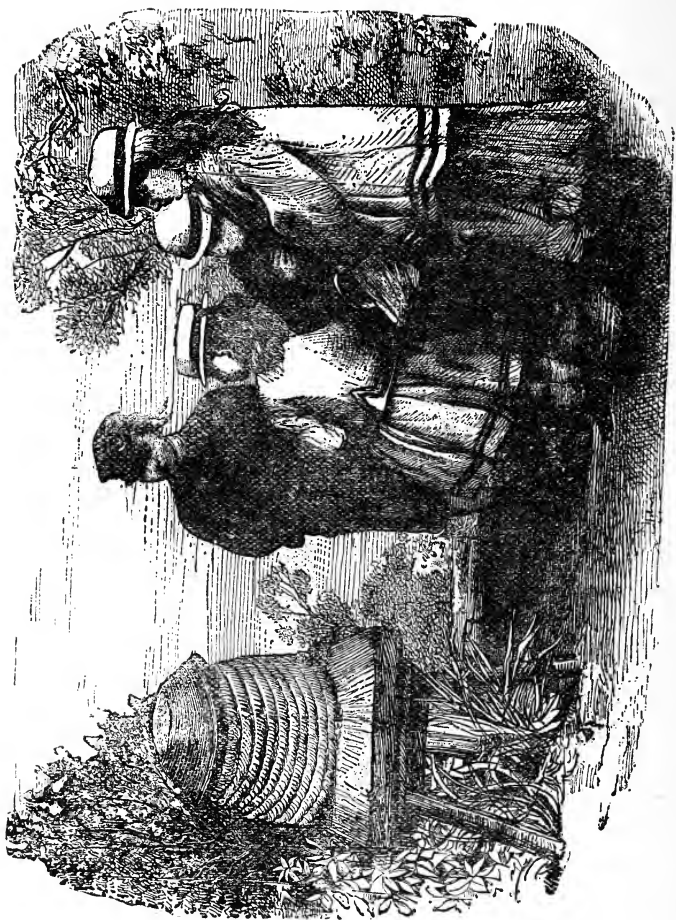
And now I hope you children all,
Will use your wondrous power
To "gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower."





BBB R YYY
B U YY*

* Bees are wise ;
Be you wise.



HONEY-SWEET.

“ AH, but how do bees make honey ? ”

Now the children, eager, ask ;
And we 'll try to give them answer,
If we 're able for the task.

See, the under-lip is lengthened,
Like a trunk or proboscis,
Ending by a kind of button,
Fringed with tiny, moving hairs.

All along its length, too, fringes,
Just the same, are growing forth ;
And by means of these, the honey
Is conveyed from flowers to mouth.

Then the bee has two small stomachs,
In the first of which is stored
All the honey it can gather,
But, when home, 'tis quick out-poured.

Bees have six legs ; and in hindmost,
There are baskets found, or bags,
Into which the pollen gathered,
Is brushed off by the other legs.

And this pollen, for the bee-bread
And as food for young, they use,
Mixed with honey and with water,—
Swallowed and disgorged like juice

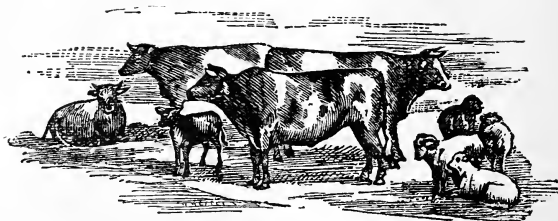


By the nurses, who digest it
Partly, for the larvæ-food,
Taking care that each shall have it,
Just according to the brood.

Now we 'll watch and see them working ;
See them brush off pollen-dust ;
See them, too, disgorge the honey,
Into cells the sweetness thrust.



Children, with your useful fingers,
Hands and arms and feet and head,
Do not let the bees surpass you,
Making honey, nay, nor bread.

WHAT THEY SAY.

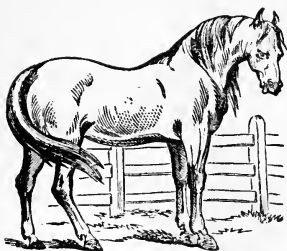
THOSE creatures that chew the cud,
The "RUMINANTS" we call,
From "Rumen," or the stomach-pouch,
In which their food doth fall.

A "SPECIES" is a kind
Of animals or plants ;—
Each species has a different name,
And differing traits and wants.—

And species may unite
To form a RACE we know,
For *race* from *root* is always drawn,
And *roots* must spread and grow.

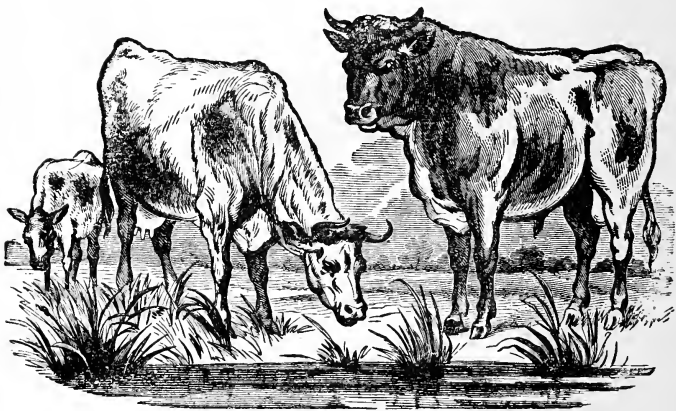


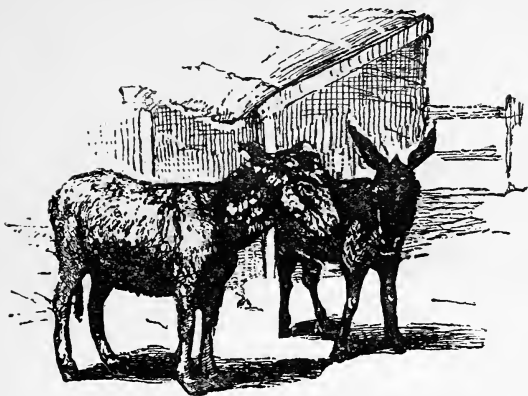
That men and women are
The race most choice and fine,
We plainly see, and sometimes call,
The *Human Race, Divine.*



The noble Horse neighs out,
“ I am the race *Equine*,
And nearest seem, and dear-
est to
The ‘ human race, divine.’ ”

The Ox and Cow l-o-o, l-o-o,
“ We are the race *Bovine* ;
And we most useful are, unto
The ‘ human race, divine.’ ”

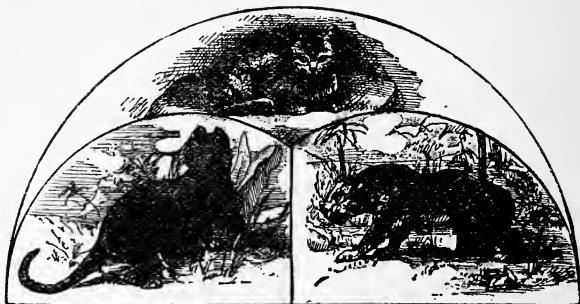




The Ass and Mule bray out,
“ Our race is *Assinine*,
And very like us seem some of
The ‘ human race, divine.’ ”



The Dog bow-wows as race
Canine, Canine, Canine ;—



While Tigers, Cats and Catamounts,
G-r-o-w-l, growl, as race *Feline*.

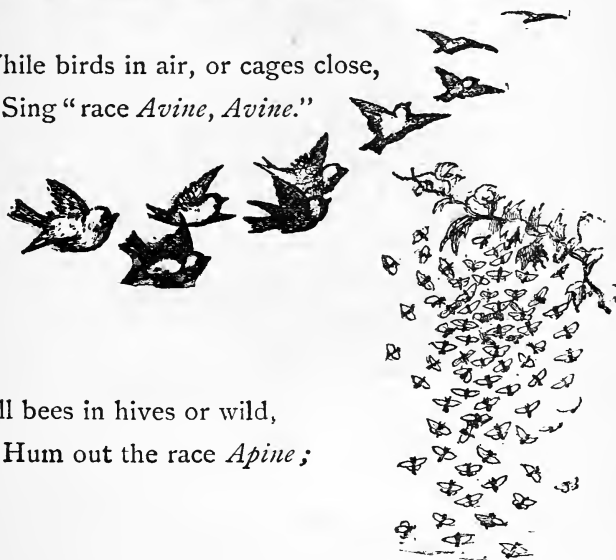


The Lion, king of beasts
(Feline), roars "*Leonine*";—
The Lamb that's to lie down with him,
Ba-a, ba-as for race *Ovine*.

Fishes in lakes or seas
Or rivers sport *Piscine* ;

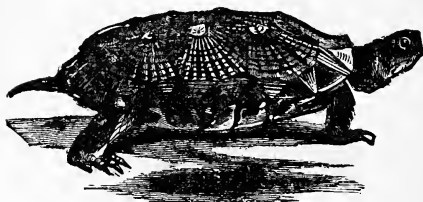


While birds in air, or cages close,
Sing "race *Avine, Avine.*"



All bees in hives or wild,
Hum out the race *Apine* ;

And reptiles all rejoicing crawl
In race, *Reptilian*.



I've a name that's made up of three letters alone,—
That reads backwards and forwards the same ;
I speak without sound,—yes, I talk without tongue,
And to beauty I lay the first claim.

A word of three syllables, children, now find,
That holds the whole twenty-six letters combined.*

The B ing m t, John put some : †

stand — I	take — you	to — throw	taking — my ‡
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* Alphabet.

† The grate being empty, John put some coal on.

‡ I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking.

BRITAIN'S RULERS.



OLD BRITAIN was under the Romans

From fifty-five years before Christ, (55 B. C.)

To four hundred fifty-five (455) A. D.

When the Octarchy, eight states were spliced.

For three hundred and seventy-two cycles,
This Octarchy, changing about,
Was ruled now by this one, now that one,
As each might, the former king, rout.

But ever since eight-twenty-seven (827),
Britain's rulers have reigned by descent,
From Egbert, first "Monarch of England,"
To Victoria, daughter of Kent.

A score reigned and fell.—Second Harold
In ten-sixty-six (1066), proud, usurps,
But soon in fierce battle is conquered
By William of Normandy's troops.

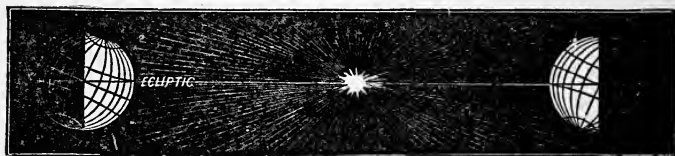
Then came William the Conqueror, a Norman,
Then William the Second, his son ;
Then Henry and Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard (Cœur de Lion), and John.

Next Henry the Third, and First Edward,
Edward Second and Third, Richard, two (II),
Henrys Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, and Fourth Edward,
Fifth Edward,—Third Richard, they rue.

Henry Seventh and Eighth, and Sixth Edward,
Then Mary, Bess, James, and Charles First,—
Eleven years then with no monarch ;
Second Charles, Second James, not the worst.

Then William and Mary, then Anne,
Four Georges, Fourth William, until
Came Victoria, long live her queenship,
For she wields her proud sceptre with skill.



SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

THE annual path of the Sun,
The *Ecliptic* is called, as we see,—
And a belt, eight degrees (8°), on each side,
The *Zodiac* ever will be.

The principal planets all seem
To move in the zodiac lines,
While the belt, of itself, is cut up
Into twelve equal parts, called the *Signs*.

And these signs were first named, we are told,
From their fancied resemblance to beasts,
Which astronomers thought they could see
In the stars, from the West to the East.



There is Aries, the Ram,
—then the Bull,



Which is Taurus,—then
Gemini, Twins ;—



Then Cancer, a Crab,—
and then Leo,
A Lion,—and Virgo, Vir-
gin.



Next Libra, the Bal-



ance or Scales,

And Scorpio, a Scor-



pion (with sting),—

Sagittarius, the Ar-



cher or Arrow,—

Capricornus, a Goat's



horn, we bring.

Aquarius, the Bearer



of Water,—

And Pisces, or Fish



rom the sea,—

All together make twelve,—and a wonder
It is, that these fancies should be.



LITTLE MISCHIEF.

LITTLE Master Mischief
Lives in Nellie's eye,
Sitting in the corner,
Peeping out so sly ;
Now he's crossed the snow-ground
And in chamber blue,
Thinking he is hidden,
Peek-a-boos at you.

Now he drops the curtain,
Sure that he is hid,
But you see him dancing
Even on the lid.
Now, the curtain lifting,
You can see he's crept
To the inner chamber,
Where the love-light slept.

Watching now his moment
He pops out, and see
Mama's spools and thimble
Quickly disagree.



Shall we punish Mischief?
Better teach the child
How to hold and lead him,
Running now so wild.

Would she like her playthings
Scattered here and there,
When she had arranged them?
Would she think it fair?
Would she like her puzzle
Portions of it, lost?
Would she like her dishes
Everywhere uptossed?
Would she like her apron
With a missing string,
Mama hunting, meanwhile,
Thread and everything?

Nellie, learn the lesson :
Be to others true,—
Always do as you would
Have them do to you.



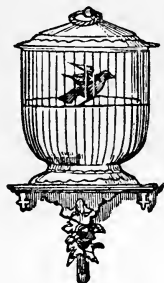
This the dear Lord's precept,—
This the Golden Rule,—
This the highest lesson
In our Nellie's school.



BE gentle and loving,—
Be kind and polite ;

Be thoughtful for others,
Be sure and do right.

GRANDMA'S CANARY.



GRANDMA loves her birdy,
And when he gayly sings,
She will laugh and chat with him,
At which he hops and springs.

Fearing though that birdy
Might not understand,
Grandma from the toy-shop,
Brought a whistle grand.

Tuning now the whistle,
To his sweet bird-note,
He in singing back to her,
Nearly burst his throat.



Birdy, free outflying,
Often comes to light
On Grandma's tip-of-finger,
Or chair-back, pretty
sight !

From her hand she feeds
him,
And he oft will take
From her mouth the sugar,
With a merry shake.

Yester-morn the window
Being open wide,
Birdy thought it brighter
On the outer side.

Grandma mourning sadly,
Shed of tears a few,
Then she prayed the Father,
" Show me what to do."

Soon she set his cage out
On the window-sill,

Saying " Birdy 'll come now,
Oh, I'm sure he will !"

Then she, hopeful, praying
 "Bring my birdy home,"
Took the sweet bird-whistle,
 Playing "Birdy, come."

And the birdy hearing,
 Quickly came and lit
On the cage, and shortly
 Flitted into it.

Thankful now was Grandma,
 To the dear Lord, who,
Listening to her prayer,
 Taught her what to do.



HANDSOME DICK.

ELZIE'S kitty, white as snow,
Loves his little mistress so,
That he 'll come at her command,
Lift his paw to shake her hand,
Bow his head and kneel to her,
Rumpling all his milk-white fur ;—
Many another pretty trick,
Too, he 's learned, our Elzie's Dick.

Well, the Church-Fair coming on,
Elzie thought, "What can be done
By a little girl like me,
In the cause of charity?"

Mam'a told her she would show
Her some fancy work to do,
Which a half-a-dozen dimes
Sure would bring;—so, many times
Elzie made her fingers fly
Neat and nice to form the "tie."
Now our Elzie, large and fine,
Looks like twelve, though only nine—
And the "tie" when quite complete,
Was so small, though choice and neat,
That it could not be denied,
Elzie was not satisfied.
So she shook her curly head,
As with curious smile she said :
"If I were a *little* girl,
Like Nannette or Cousin Pearl,
This wee 'tie' might then appear
Just the thing,—but now, I fear,
Looking at the 'tie' and me,
We shall seem to disagree.—

Now, Mamma, don't answer quick ;
Stop and think,—my snowy Dick,
At the Fair might win some pence,
By his wise obedience



And his pretty winsome ways
Being shown through all the
days ;—

And, dear Mama, then I should
Feel I'd done the best I could."

Quickly Mama took the thought,
And a royal cage was brought ;
Cushion made of scarlet bright,—
For our Dicky, pure and white,
Thus was wont to perch and
sit,—

And a collar blue we fit
To his neck, when loyal, true,
He presents red, white, and
blue.

Soon the cage is placed within
A sly corner, free from din,
And with tickets, five cents each,
Elzie sought her end to reach.

“ Handsome Dick ! weight fifteen pounds ”—
Whispers Elzie, on her rounds ;
“ What is ‘ Handsome Dick ’ ? ” they say ;
“ Come and see, please,—step this way ; ”



And once seen they 're glad to tell
Others of white Dick, as well ;—
For the cat, as knowing now
He must make his courtliest bow,
Did his best to help along
Elzie's plan, the friends among.

Upon his cushion he would stand,
Or sit, as Elzie might command ;
Then down upon his blanket lie
And be wrapped up like baby-bye ;
Would lap his milk, or dainty, sip,
And shake his pretty under-lip,
Thus showing teeth as white as pearl,—
Then round and round would quickly whirl,
Till each one seeing, cheerful, said :
“ For that five cents, I'm sure we 're paid.”

Thus the three days passing by,
Which the Fair must occupy—
Dollars ten—ah, yes ! and more,
Elzie holds within her store !
Dues for cage and tickets met,
And the *ten* is Elzie's yet,—
Which unto the Fair she gave
With an air so joyful-grave,
That it seemed a spirit bright,
Nestled in her heart so light ;—
And a happier child than she,
We may never hope to see.



THE DINNER-POT.



THE homeliest things are highest worth,
The dinner-pot 's a treasure
Compared with diamonds, chains, and rings,
Which serve alone for pleasure ;—
Enwreath the dinner-pot with flame,
And fill it with love's mixings,
And it possesses charms beyond
All gold or fancy fixings.

And then, our bony frame-work, too,
So stiff and hard and homely,
Will serve when plumpness all is gone,
And lost is all that 's comely.
Fling beauty, grace, and sweetness round,
Festoon your lives with flowers,
But ne'er forget that plainest things
Are life's most precious dowers.

DARE TO SAY NO.

DEAR children, you are sometimes led
To sorrow, sin, and woe,

Because you have not courage quite,
And dare not answer, NO.

When playmates tell you this, or that
Is "very nice to do,"
See first what mama says, or if
You think 'tis wrong, say NO.

Be always gentle, but be firm,
And wheresoe'er you go,
If you are asked to do what's wrong,
Don't fear to answer, NO.

False friends may laugh and sneer at you,—
Temptations round you flow,
But prove yourself right brave and true,
And firmly tell them, NO.

Sometimes a thing that's not a sin,
You may be asked to do,—
But when you think it is not best,
Don't yield, but answer, NO.

True friends will honor you the more,
Ah, yes, and false ones too,
When they have learned you're not afraid
To stand and answer, NO.

And when temptations rise within,
And plead to "come," or "go,"
And do a wrong for "*just this once*,"
Be sure you answer, NO.

For when you once have done a Wrong,
The Right receives a blow,—
And Wrong will triumph easier now,
So haste and answer, NO.

There's many a little boy and girl,
And man and woman too,
Have gone to ruin and to death
For want of saying, NO !

So, young or old, or great or small,
Don't fail, whate'er you do,
To stand for Right, and nobly dare
To speak an honest NO.



ASK MOTHER.



YES MY DARLING, when you question,
I will answer, simple, plain,
Just the Truth ;—and when a
playmate
Tells you anything again,
Come to Mother, she will tell
you,
Yes, and tell you always
true,
For she knows what 's
low and sinful,
And what 's right and
wrong for you.

TELL MOTHER.

'TIS wrong, my dear, to do a thing
That mother must not know ;—
And when your playmates, old or young,
Shall tell you thus to do,
Leave them at once, and quickly come
To your dear Mother's side,
And tell her,—for she 'll know what 's wrong,
And she will be your guide.

DON'T TELL A LIE.

DON'T tell a lie, dear children,
No matter what you do,—

Own up, and be a hero,
Right honest, brave, and true.

You 'd better have a whipping
Each day than tell a lie,—
No, not a “ white one,” even,
They lead to blackest dye.

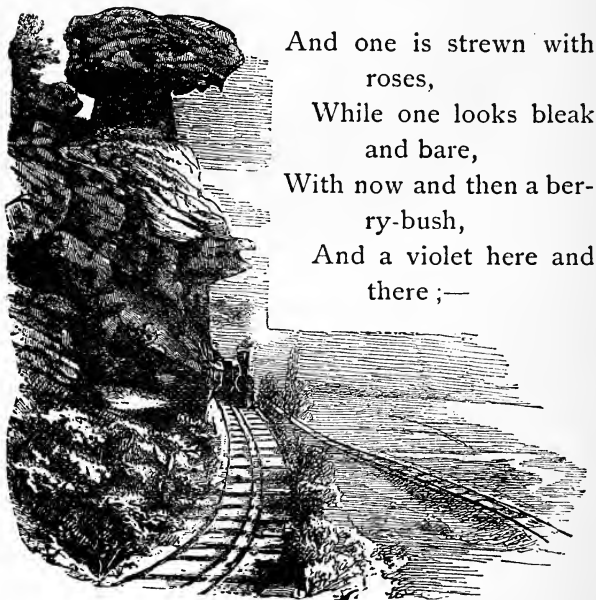
The rod but hurts your body,
While lies deform your soul ;—
Don't mind the present smarting,
Keep the spirit pure and whole.

But I am sure that mama
And papa, too, will try
To help you children tell the Truth,
Nor drive you to a lie.

They will not punish harshly,
Nor when they 're angry, quite ;
Nor promise, and then fail to do,—
But always lead you right.

THE CHILDREN'S RAILROAD.

OLD Time has built a Railroad,
On which you children speed
To a land of light and plenty,
Or a land of darksome need ;
And soon you 'll come to a meadow,
Where two tracks mark the way,
But they 'll run close up alongside
For many and many a day.



And one is strewn with
roses,
While one looks bleak
and bare,
With now and then a ber-
ry-bush,
And a violet here and
there ;—

On one you 'll find companions
Who but for pleasure seek,
While friends along the other,
Will words of wisdom speak.



Be careful in your choosing,
For if you take the *Right*,
You will travel in the shadow
Of the Rock that shields at night ;
'T will lead through greenest pastures,
Where softest brooklets flow,
And land you at a Station
That is full of cheer and glow,

On the other track, the roses
Are backed by sharpest thorns ;
While berries always nourish,
And the violet but adorns ;—
You will stumble into sluices,
And what is worse than all,
Your self-respect and conscience
Grow weak with every fall.

Yes, if you choose the other,
That looks so bright and gay,
You 'll find the bridges broken,
And the road-bed washed away ;
And when you near the Station,
You 'll switch to a fearful leap,
That will hurl you into darkness,
And bury you in the deep.

But those who choose the Right one,
Grow manly, womanly, true ;
God's love-light shines upon them,
And falls as heavenly dew ;—
They grieve at your wild folly,
And will gladly help you back,
If at any curve or turning
You seek the trusty track.



But ah ! the scars you 're wearing,
From thorns that pierced you sore,—

And the ditches in which you 've fallen,
That were strewn with roses o'er ;—
And the joys you 've lost, unnumbered,
That spring from good deeds done ;—
And the fruits you 've missed, unmeasured,
That by others have been won.

Though friends may be indulgent,
And loved ones even forget,
Yourself can never banish
The memories that beset.
You will wish you had never travelled
The way that leads to death ;
You will wish you had never revelled
In the viper's venom'd breath.

So beware which track you follow ;
And again I say, beware !
The *False* is strewn with roses,—
The *True* looks bleak and bare ;
But this, 't is plain, is only
That youthful, artless eyes
Are open to show and glamour
But see not deep nor wise.

To Truth then, children, listen,
And cultivate the seed
That in your hearts God planted,
To serve your every need ;—
Yes, heed the voice within you,
And follow it all the way,
For it will help you choose the road
That leads to endless day.



MABEL'S SNOW-FEATHERS.

LISTEN, children, while I tell you
What our merry Mabel said
When she saw the feathery snow-flakes
Tumbling down about her head.



Clapping hands and dancing gayly,
“Mama, mama, come and see !
Come and see the feathers, mama,
Soft and white as they can be !”

Standing then a moment, pondering
As it were, whence came the snow,
Little face so wise and thoughtful,
Mabel cried : “ Oh, now I know,

“ There are lots of eider ducklets
Up in Heaven, above the blue,
And they're dropping off their feathers,—
And such downy feathers, too !

“ See them frolic with each other ;
See them kiss as fast they fly ;
See them make believe they're going to,
Then go gayly flitting by.

“ See them, on the Spruce and Balsam,
Pile up little soft, fat hands ;
See their many plump, white cushions ;
See them wave their fairy wands.

“ See the showers of flying feathers
Whisking 'round in merry moods ;
See, the telegraph their perch is,—
Oh, I'm sure they're almost birds ! ”



Now she fancies she can hear
them

Whisper of their ducklet
birth ;—

Hear their soft and wean-y
quacklings,

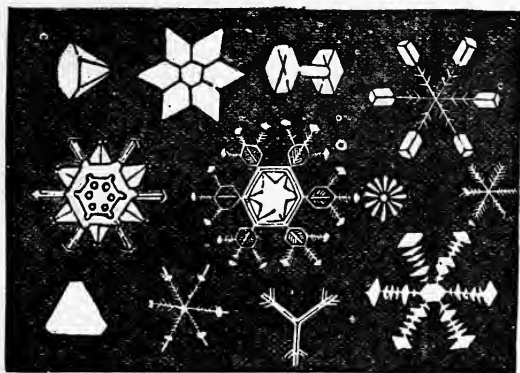
As they tumble down to earth.

Now she listens for the jingle
Of the sleigh-bells they will
bring ;

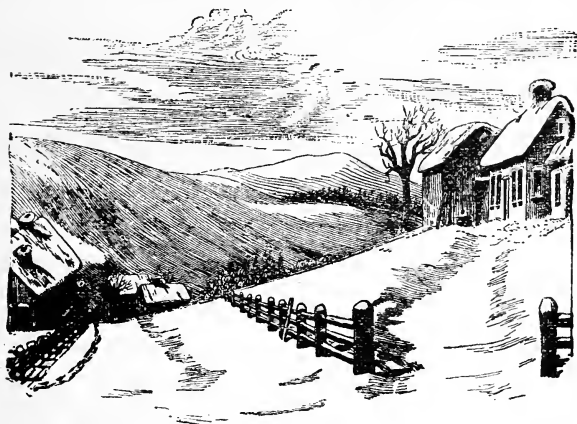
Now she sees the flying horses,
Prancing gayly at their ring.



Lovely are these fleecy feathers,
Dainty in each rare device ;
All unlike our ducklet feathers,—
White and soft, but cold as ice.



Yet they cover, warmly cover
Mother Earth so bleak and brown ;
Cover her with feathery mantles,
Comforters of eider-down.



THE LADDIE- AND LASSIE-BIRDS.

COME sit with me in the green-wood bower,
While I sing you a song of love ;—
'Tis the song of the birds
In the deep, wild woods,
'Tis the song of the sweet ring-dove.

The laddie-bird says, “ I have come to woo ; ”—
And the lassie-bird, “ Ah ! coo, coo, coo, coo.”

The laddie-bird says, " With a hope to win,"—
And the lassie-bird, " Coo, coo, that is no sin."

The laddie-bird says, " Together we'll dwell,"
And the lassie-bird says, " In the Linden dell."

The laddie-bird says, " And build our nest,"
And the lassie-bird says, " In the tree to the West."

The laddie-bird says, " And raise our brood,"
And the lassie-bird says, " In the sweet solitude."

The laddie-bird says, " Till they 're fit to fly,"
And the lassie-bird, " Yes, to the blue, blue sky."

The laddie-bird says, " Let us hie away ;"—
And the lassie-bird, " Yes, and begin to-day."

The laddie-bird says, " I will take this moss,"—
And the lassie-bird says, " And I, this floss."



The laddie-bird says,
"And we'll love so
true ;"

And the lassie-bird,
" Ah, yes, coo, coo, coo."

'Tis the old-new song that the
birds have sung,
Aye, the birds of every race,
Since the world was planned,
And came forth from the hand
Of the Maker, aglow with grace.

'Tis the song they will sing till time is o'er,—
'Tis the stream that from Paradise gushed ;



And the music that flows
When the love-light glows,
Will never, no, never be hushed.

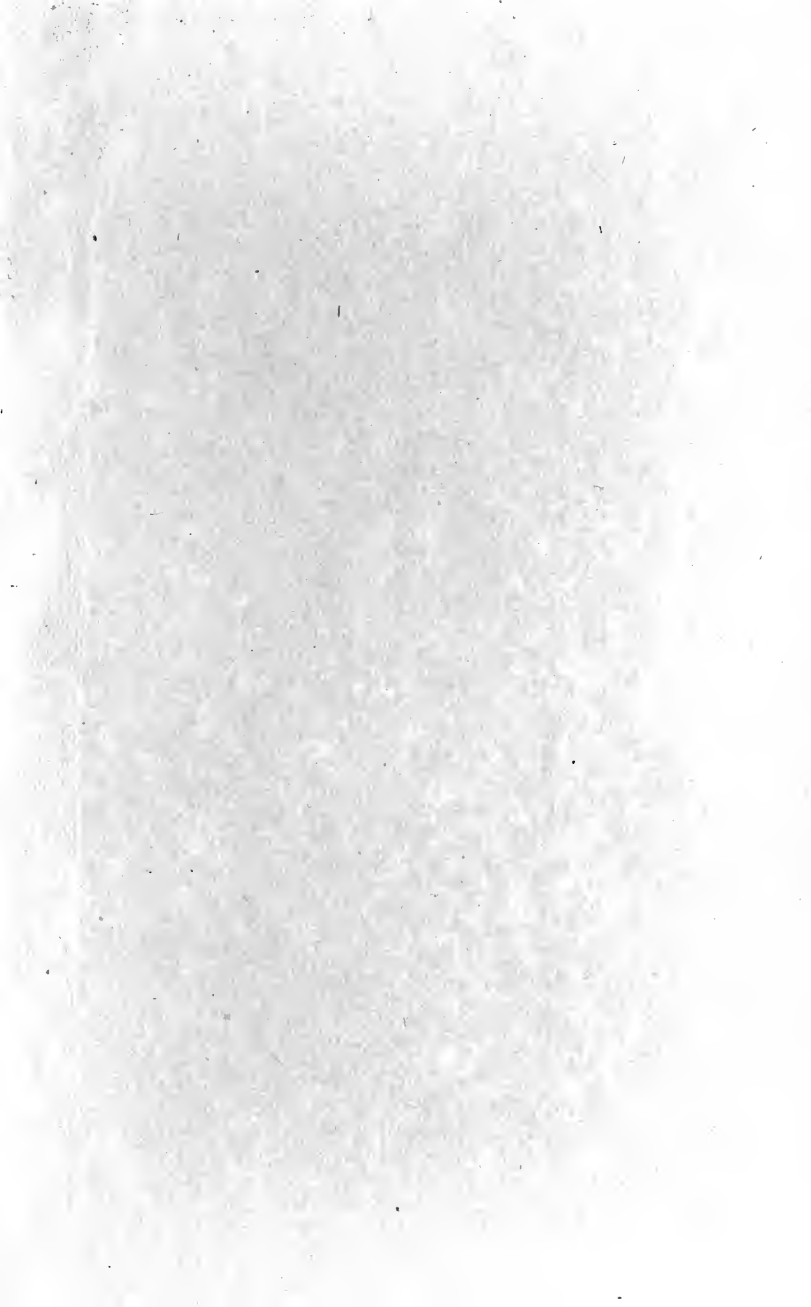












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